

Jewelers and Diamond Merchants.
C.P.R. Watch Inspectors.
Issuers of Marriage Licenses.

TYPICAL SCENES OF DEVASTATED AND STORM-SWEPT HALIFAX AS IT IS TODAY



The picture on the left shows part of the devastated Richmond district of Halifax. This section was razed to the ground and then burned over. It occupied a space of two and a half miles square. The building to be seen is that of the Hillis Iron Foundry. The whole area is like a city pounded by big guns for months. On the right is the ruin of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic church, more than two miles from the actual scene of the explosion. The building is a wreck, and every member of the congregation is either dead or wounded.



On the left are the ruins of Gottingen street, one mile and a half away from the explosion. At the right is a similar view of the North End.

HUNS TATTOO WAR PRISONERS



Photo of the right hand of a prisoner who escaped from the Germans. The Kr-Gef. are contractors for Krieges Gefangen, prisoner of war.

HOW WOMEN HELP THE WAR V.A.D.'S IN FRANCE



On the British Western Front.—Interior of a ward hospital visited by the King and Queen.
—Photo by courtesy of G. P. R.



On the British Western Front.—A V.A.D. at work in France.
—Photo by courtesy of G. P. R.



How Women Are Solving the Food Problem.—A group of happy workers from Ware taking part in the competitions at the Waltham Estate.
—Photo by courtesy of G. P. R.

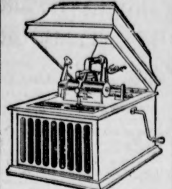


On the British Western Front.—Girl clerks waiting to see the Queen.
—Photo by courtesy of G. P. R.

There is no more seasonable gift possible for the whole family this Christmas—till then to put an

Edison Amberola

In Your Home



Amberola No. 30 \$41.25
Amberola No. 50 \$76.30

Edison's Re-creations (Disk Instruments), from \$140 and up.

Sold on easy payments, C. Cash, balance to suit purchaser.

C. E. GOURLAY

Complete line of Toys and Cylinders Records
Phone 544 (Opposite Hudson's)
Box 10241 Jasper Ave.

VALUE OF WATER IN EGG

A number of pens which had been furnished water at all times were given water only once each day, all they would drink, then the water removed. The results were that the egg yield was reduced 50 per cent. This reduction was the same in the different varieties.

A pen of 60 White Leghorns, composed of old and young, consumed 21 pounds of water daily during the winter campaign. This would indicate that the average farm flock of 100

Officers of Russ Army in France Want to Serve With United States

Volunteer in Body For Purpose of Keeping up Battle Against German Forces in Russia—Czech-Slovak Army Also Being Recruited

With the American Army in France, Dec. 21.—(By the Associated Press.)—The officers of the Russian army in France have volunteered as a body to give their services to the United States. They are anxious to continue the battle against the Germans, and have been waiting for the Russian peace negotiations.

The Russian Imperial officer, who made the request that he and his subordinates be taken into the American service, guaranteed to vouch for everyone accepted. All grades are included in the request from second lieutenant up.

There also have been suggestions that it might be possible to form for the Russian Foreign Legion or the Lafayette Flying Squadron. There is a general feeling that the action of the Russian officers will have a moral effect in their country.

The correspondents who were authorized to make the announcement understand that the matter is under consideration and that the offer undoubtedly has been referred to Washington. It is considered not unlikely that many of the Russian soldiers in France now, and virtually without a country may follow the lead of their officers and join the United States army. It is hoped a way may be found by which these men can be effective in the United States and the allies in general.

The officers are some of the best in the Russian Army. They are veterans of the war, and have been fighting since the beginning of the conflict.

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Paris, Dec. 21.—A dispatch authorizing the formation of a Czech-Slovak army in France appears in the official journal today. One such army numbering 10,000 men already has been formed in Russia. It will be attached to the French army, which is daily being swelled by the arrival of fresh recruits from America. The Czech army will be placed under the political control of the Czech-Slovakian government. The headquarters will be Paris.

among them and many of them, who possess excellent military conduct and speaking French and English, will be of assistance in various ways.

In April of last year five contingents of Russian troops were landed at Marseilles, after a land and sea journey of approximately 12,500 miles from Moscow to Port Said, Suez, and thence by water. A new man of war, the Russian ship, was estimated at something like 100,000 tons. It was the first of a series of ships to be sent to the United States and the allies in general.

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FIGHT WOULD NOT BE FOR THE WORLD'S TITLE

Willard and Fulton Boat World Not Settle Heavyweight Championship

There is an argument on as to whether the fight between Jess Willard and Fred Fulton is to be for the world's title. Nearly all the right critics claim it is to be that of the heavyweight title. But a matter of fact, there are really no more fights for the heavy-weight championship of the world, says Al Spink.

In a fight of more than one country should be represented. It cannot call a fight between two Americans an international affair, nor is it right to call that sort of a contest a battle for the world's championship.

Last Two Interventions

The last two international title battles in the old London prize ring rules were between Jack Bevan and Sam Smith, the then champion of England, and a few months later the battle between John L. Sullivan and Jim McManis.

Kirkin had challenged Sullivan in this country but the fight never took place. Kirkin, who was largely responsible for the entrance of boxing into the country twenty years ago, and who backed Paddy Ryan against Sullivan, came to the front for Sullivan and offered to back him against Kirkin, but Kirkin refused.

Al Sullivan did not show any intention to make a match. Fox went to Kirkin and told him that he was not interested in the fight.

He created a big sensation in England on their arrival there in 1887, but before going to England a match was made between him and a 24-foot ring, London prize ring rules, with Kirkin.

Kirkin's superiority throughout, but his ignorance of the London prize rules was to his disadvantage. Some of the rounds occupied from seven to fifteen seconds, ending quickly by reason of some of the referee's rules of London rules, whereby he would stop a fight if he saw a fighter was unable to continue.

The battle came to a close owing to Kirkin's superior boxing, and Kirkin was the winner. Kirkin was the principal cause for the fight.

George W. Sullivan, the referee, ordered a thirty-second rest after the fight between Sullivan and Kirkin. This took place at Chantilly, France, in 1888.

Everything in connection with the match and the referee's action was a national sensation.

After all over the English-speaking world were full of news concerning the fight, it was for \$2000 a side and was for the world's title. Kirkin was the winner, and Kirkin was the winner.

There was a natural agreement it was made a draw.

ROUMANIA HAS JOINED WITH UKRAINIANS

Country Forced Into Armistice, But is Still Faithful to the Allies

Paris, Dec. 21.—V. Antonesco, the Roumanian minister to France, issued a statement yesterday stating that Roumania was ready to accept a statement of military order imposed on it through the Roumanian front. It would be a mistake to make a political deduction from this. Roumania intends to remain faithful to her allies.



Thus Came Christmas in Merrie England in the Old Days, on the Wings of Music—

The crunch of footsteps in the snow outside the casement; a little laughter and some tuning up; then suddenly the music begins—"God rest ye, merry gentlemen, may nothing you dismay." Everybody is happy; everybody joins in. Even the dog forebushes future musical glories by emulating his master's voice. The Waits have gone, and most of their carols are forgotten, but the spirit survives and is reawakened each year by the songs that tell again the old sweet story of the Babe of Bethlehem, and bear again the message of Peace and Goodwill to a world filled with strife.

OPEN THE DOORS OF YOUR VICTROLA

to the Choir of Old Trinity singing "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing." (Record No. 17144) hear McCormack sing "Adorate Fidelis" (74436); hear Caruso sing "Chantique de Noël" (88501). Complete your holiday enjoyment by adding several

Beautiful Christmas Records

35661	(Sing, O Heavens... Victor Mixed Chorus (It Came Upon the Midnight Clear) Joy to the World (Walt-Handel) Trinity Choir (Christmas Rattle) (Descriptive)	16996	(Oh Come, All Ye Faithful (Adorate Fidelis) (with Chimes Trinity Choir Joy to the World (Walt-Handel) Trinity Choir (Christmas Rattle) (Descriptive)
64712	(The Crucifix (Duet) John McCormack, Tenor (Adorate Fidelis (Portugal)... Westminster Chorus (Hallelujah Chorus from "Messiah" (Handel) Victor Chorus and Sousa's Band (Hallelujah Chorus from "Messiah" (Handel) Arthur Foy's Band (The Heavens Are Telling from "Messiah" (Handel) Conway's Band	120308	(Christmas Rattle (Descriptive)
10653	(Laud Kindly Light and Nearer My God to Thee (Westminster Chorus)	31770	(Hallelujah Chorus from "Messiah" (Handel) Victor Chorus and Sousa's Band (Hallelujah Chorus from "Messiah" (Handel) Arthur Foy's Band (The Heavens Are Telling from "Messiah" (Handel) Conway's Band
10660	(Hosanna (Jules Granier)... Harry Macdonough (Holy Night (Noel) (Adolphus And)	35484	(Hallelujah Chorus from "Messiah" (Handel) Victor Chorus and Sousa's Band (Hallelujah Chorus from "Messiah" (Handel) Arthur Foy's Band (The Heavens Are Telling from "Messiah" (Handel) Conway's Band
16197	(The Home Over There (Kane)... Macdonough and Hayden Quartet (Oh Come, All Ye Faithful (Adorate Fidelis) (Coker-Portugal)... Hayden Quartet	85099	(Noel—Holy Night (French) Paul Placem

GIVE US YOUR SELECTION NOW—DELIVERY WILL BE MADE WHEN YOU DESIRE

STORE CLOSES 6 P.M.

"THE HOME OF THE VICTROLA" EVERY STYLE—EVERY PRICE AND THOUSANDS OF RECORDS FOR YOU TO SELECT FROM

Mason & Risch Limited
10156 JASPER AVE., EDMONTON, ALBERTA.

DARING DAYLIGHT ROBBERY

Minneapolis, Dec. 21.—Three masked bandits today entered the Peoples State Bank in the downtown district, President J. P. Kennedy and two employees in a vault, seized \$5,000 in cash, and escaped in a car, where two unassuming policemen were standing.

SEND FLOWERS THIS CHRISTMAS

LET NATURE'S SUPREME GIFT SOLVE YOUR GIFT PROBLEM

CHOICE CUT FLOWERS

ROSES, Per dozen, \$3.00 to \$5.00
CARNATIONS, Per dozen, \$2.00 to \$3.00
CHRYSAANTHEMUMS, Splendid quality mauve, pink, white, yellow, per dozen, \$4.00 to \$6.00
VIOLETS, Our own growing, bunch, \$1.00 to \$2.00
SWEET PEAS, Per bunch, 75c

WHITE NARCISSUS, Per dozen, \$1.00
POINSETTIAS, Extra choice cut, Per dozen, \$3.00 to \$7.50
SMILAX, Per string, 80c
CUT FERN, Per dozen, 70c and \$1.00
B. C. HOLLY, Per Pound, \$1.00
HOLLY WREATHS, Each, \$1.00 to \$3.00

CHRISTMAS TREE

Cyclamen, Primulas, Christmas Cherries, Poinsettias, Cinerarias, Begonias, Ferns, etc., 75c to \$3.00 each. Fancy Baskets Filled with Plants, \$2.00 to \$10.00

PLACE YOUR ORDERS EARLY

EMERY FLORAL Co. Ltd.

Edmonton Florists
"AT YOUR SERVICE"
10223 Jasper Avenue
"FLORETT" PHONE 2460

Hepburn's
ANNUAL
Xmas Special
3 lb. BOX
Our Famous Home Made Candy
Regular \$1.80
Special \$1.00

Xmas Plum Pudding :: Fruit Cake

Christmas Removal Sale!

THE FINEST SHOWING OF USEFUL GIFTS IN THE CITY AT PRICES THAT CANNOT FAIL TO ATTRACT.

OVEN ROASTERS
Self Basting Roasters, Reg. \$1.50, Removal \$1.15
Self Basting Roasters, Reg. \$1.00, Removal 75c

POCKET KNIVES
Regular \$2.25, Removal Sale \$1.40
Regular \$1.75, Removal Sale \$1.00
Regular 50c, Removal Sale 35c

ELECTRIC APPLIANCES
Electric Irons, Regular \$5.00, Removal \$3.75
Electric Toasters, Regular \$3.00, Removal \$2.75
Electric Toasters, Regular \$4.00, Removal \$2.50

NICKEL TEA POTS
Nickel tea pots, Regular \$4.00, Removal \$3.00

HOCKEY STICKS
Regular 50c, Removal Sale 25c
Regular 35c, Removal Sale 20c
Regular 20c, Removal Sale 10c

1/4 OFF ALL SKATES

REMEMBER OUR VERY SPECIAL PRICES ON SILVERWARE AND CARVERS.

McCLARY HARDWARE LTD.

10325 Nansayo Avenue.



Last Minute Suggestions From Santa Claus' Warehouse

<p>For Him</p> <p>A Good Watch\$10.00 Cigarette Case\$2.00 Scent Pin\$2.00 Military Brushes\$5.00 Cuff Buttons\$1.00 Pocket Knife\$1.00 Fountain Pen\$1.00 Tie Clasp\$1.00 Gold Signet Rings\$5.00 Cigar Holders\$3.00</p>	<p>For Her</p> <p>La Villuise\$5.00 Bracelet\$5.00 Mesh Bag\$5.00 Toilet Set\$10.00 Cameo Brooch\$5.00 Thimble\$1.00 Card Case\$5.00 Gem Rings\$2.50 Pearl Necklace\$3.00 Vanity Case\$3.50</p>
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WE ARE OPEN EVENINGS

H.B. Kline & Sons

LIMITED.

Corner Jasper and 99th Street.

"THE HOME OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS WORTH GIVING"

Social Side Of City Life

Christmas Tree At The Macdonald Kiddies' Delight

Glens to the very ceiling among the beams of the house at the Macdonald Kiddies' Delight, a Christmas tree which was brought all the way from London for the happy little eyes of over two hundred children to behold on Friday afternoon.

Lightly branched and trimmed with lights and tinsel, the tree was decorated with many of the most famous of the Christmas tree ornaments, including a large and beautiful angel, a large and beautiful cherub, a large and beautiful star, and a large and beautiful cross.

Major Thibault was a capital Santa Claus, and was surrounded by the remainder of the afternoon with a large and beautiful tree, which was decorated with many of the most famous of the Christmas tree ornaments, including a large and beautiful angel, a large and beautiful cherub, a large and beautiful star, and a large and beautiful cross.

SUPPLIES FOR RED CROSS OVERSEAS

OTTAWA, Dec. 21.—The following supplies have been donated by the British department:

It is largely necessary that charitable individuals and organizations throughout Canada, and in particular the Canadian Red Cross Society, should be kept advised of the needs of the Canadian Red Cross Society, and of the needs of the Canadian Red Cross Society, and of the needs of the Canadian Red Cross Society.

Restaurant Hudsonia

Hudson's Bay Company, Edmonton

The cleanest and best ventilated Restaurant in the city; convenient to everything, and in the heart of the theatre and shopping districts.

Kitchen and Bakery Open for Inspection

You'll surely enjoy your Breakfast if taken at the Hudsonia. Our CLUB BREAKFASTS are unexcelled; served from 25c up.

- CAFETERIA: Special Club Luncheon 15c up; served 11:30 to 2:30.
- RESTAURANT: Business men's Luncheon 50c; served from 12 to 2:30.
- MUSIC DAILY, under direction of H. Sedgwick. High class orchestra.
- For a dainty AFTERNOON TEA, well served and reasonably priced, no place equals HUDSONIA. Afternoon Tea served from 1:30 up.
- PRIVATE DINING-ROOM now ready for booking. Apply Restaurant Manager, 4th floor.

Saturday Night

December 22nd

Monday Night

December 24th

The Family Table D'Hotel Dinner

In Main Restaurant, Will be Served From 6 to 8 P.M.

75c Per Cover

Monday Night

December 24th

Dinner De Luxe

Will be Served From 6 to 8 P.M. Special Musical Program.

\$1.00 Per Cover

Reservations in Advance Will be Necessary. Phone 6141, Restaurant Dept.

The Hudson's Bay Company

The Hudson's Bay Company

Oriental Rugs Lowered in Price

These are the genuine Oriental rugs that were bought before the war, and therefore are wonderful buying at these special Saturday prices. There are only 9 rugs in the lot—make selection early.

1 only; Khurasan, 9 ft. 6 in. x 12 ft. 6 in. Regular \$100.00. Saturday \$35.00	1 only; Heriz, 4 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 6 in. Regular \$40.00. Saturday \$15.00	1 only; Heriz, 4 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 6 in. Regular \$40.00. Saturday \$15.00	1 only; Heriz, 4 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 6 in. Regular \$40.00. Saturday \$15.00
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Corsets

Reg. \$4.00 to \$6.50

Made of these quality corsets or braids, embroidered, trimmed, a lace support; several models to choose from. Colors white or flesh, all sizes. Christmas Sale, Saturday \$3.49

Small Men's Suits

Regular \$25.00 for \$16.50

You men who were unable to get around on Friday, have another opportunity on Saturday. We have added a few more good FANCY TWEEDS and WOOLSTED suits to the lot and you will find them at \$16.50 to suit you. Stock \$14.95 per suit. Reg. \$25. Saturday bargain.

Men's Ulsters and Overcoats

If it is an ULSTER you want, we can supply you. We are making a special offer this week end, by putting on sale 25 HEAVY TWEED ULSTERS BARGAIN at \$11.95

Special Sale Men's Knitted Neckwear

20 dozen fancy English knitted artificial silk neckties. A good one for wear and easily put under the collar. A bar 3 for \$1.00

Men's Scotch Ribbed Wool Drawers

At 9 a.m. sharp we will put on sale 100 pairs of these ribbed wool drawers. All in one size, 34 to 36. Regular \$2.50. Saturday \$1.95. On sale at 9 a.m. Saturday, per cent.

Boys' Heavy Tweed Bloomers

40 pairs only on sale at 9 a.m. Saturday. A bargain genuine; double breasted and governor fastener; sizes 30 to 35. Regular \$2.50. Saturday \$1.79

Big Week-End Shirt Bargain

Men's Wool and Cotton TAIPEETA SHIRTS; dandy winter shirt and regular \$2.00. Saturday for \$1.79

Blouses

We are showing a most complete line of blouses in all colors and styles. They are only \$1.95. On sale at 9 a.m. Saturday, per cent.

Saturday 9 a.m. Sale of Blouses

Lovely crepe de chine, Georgette and Ray silk blouses. All colors. Values \$1.95 to \$2.95. Selling Saturday at 9 a.m. \$1.35

New York Trimmed Hats

Regular to \$10.00. Values for \$6.75

Silk Velvets, trimmed with satin, and trimmed with Dame's latest fashions. Black and all the wanted colors. \$10.00. Saturday for \$6.75

Children's Trimmed Hats

Velvet and Corduroy Hats in the mushroom, poke, turban and all effects. Perfectly trimmed with dainty ribbons, flowers and touches of fur. Suitable for girls from 4 to 10 years. In fact every child's hat in the Millinery Dept. reduced, regardless of cost. Saturday to 95c

Silk Sale

Values to \$3.00 Yard for \$1.89

300 Yards Colored Duchess Satin.
200 Yards Tulle Trimmed Silks.
200 Yards Colored Silk Faille.
100 Yards Lovely Plaid Silks.
100 Yards Black Charmeuse Silk.
100 Yards Black Chiffon Taffeta.
250 Yards Colored Silk and Wool Oudines.
400 Yards Colored Silk and Wool Crepes.
36 and 40 inches wide; values to \$3.00 Yard.

\$1.89

Very Best Coat Values for Women

This showing of women's and misses' Winter Coats includes some of the very best materials in the city. \$25.00 to \$40.00. In all styles, including the latest in fur, with large collar and cuffs; tailored effects; best quality buttons used; the finest of the material. Regular values as high as \$200.00. Selling at a great special Saturday \$19.95

Reduced Prices on Fur Coats

1 HUDSON SEAL COAT, heavy collar and cuffs; cut 42 inches long. Reduced from \$250.00. \$215.00

1 HUDSON SEAL COAT, large natural lynx collar; two pockets; 42 inches long. Reduced from \$250.00. \$245.00

1 HUDSON SEAL COAT, with fur collar and cuffs; 42 inches long. Reduced from \$250.00. \$250.00

1 HUDSON SEAL COAT, 16 years old; size 36; for small women extra long; actually worth \$100.00. \$95.00

MINKHAT COATS: in heavy fine skins and dark shades; cut 50 inches long. Reduced from \$250.00. \$95.00

1 HUDSON SEAL COAT, Australian opossum collar and cuffs; cut 42 inches long; lower back. Reduced from \$125.00. \$165.00

1 MINKHAT COAT, Australian opossum collar and cuffs; cut 42 inches long; lower back. Reduced from \$125.00. \$90.00

Dinner Sets for Christmas Gifts

Just arrived from England: these WEDGWOOD FINE QUALITY bone china, BEIL AND GREEN'S, 12 pieces to each set, including plates and attractive designs; would make the most acceptable gift for Saturday, per set \$29.85

BLACK AND CHAMBER DINNER SETS: Wedgwood fine quality bone china, 12 pieces to each set, including plates and attractive designs; would make the most acceptable gift for Saturday, per set \$29.85

New Wedgwood Salad Sets

Just arrived from England. These beautiful salad sets have been hurried along so as to give Xmas shoppers an opportunity for gift sets. Values set, for \$15.89

Juliet Felt Slippers

With fancy back and velvet trimmings. Colors: black, red, blue, green, white, and tan. Regular \$2.50. Saturday \$1.95

The Hudson's Bay Company

Public School Sports Now PLACED ON PRACTICAL BASIS BY DIVISION INTO CLASSES

Scheme Gives Novices a Chance of Competing Against Equals as Far as Experience—Another Rule Provides for Students Having a Certain Academic Standing—Suggestions for Additional Trophies to Encourage School Sports

Public school sports have received an excellent check-up, as a result of which competitions have been placed on a practical basis. This is done by dividing sports into four divisions which are not only classified according to age, but also according to experience. That is, students who have competed in sports are placed in class 1, while those who have never taken part are placed in class 2. This scheme gives the novice a chance to compete against his equals as far as experience is a criterion.

A rule has also been passed making it necessary for a student to have a certain academic standing before he is allowed to enter in the sports. This will eliminate the student who goes to school for the sole purpose of winning the trophies and who has no real interest in his studies.

Field sports have been successfully carried on during the month of October. The sports were organized by the school for the high ground to be an improvement in the organization. With the extension of the number of subdivisions made of sports, comparing the increase in the number of subdivisions made of sports, and with the inclusion of the girls in the same games, the sports have been found without a comparison of the number of trophies, emblematic of championships.

The following is a list of the trophies in each division presented by Edmonton public schools:

Division 1—Championship in P.E. by St. John's.

Division 2—Championship in P.E. by St. John's.

Division 3—Championship in P.E. by St. John's.

Division 4—Championship in P.E. by St. John's.

Championship trophy, basketball, by St. John's.

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3 EDMONTON HOCKEY TEAMS WILL ENTER

Join Up With Intermediate Division of A.A.H.A.—Similar Action South

At a meeting of the Edmonton Hockey League on Friday night four teams decided to enter the intermediate division of the A.A.H.A.

Similar action has been taken in the intermediate division of the A.A.H.A. in the city of Vancouver.

The teams which have been accepted for the season are the following:

1. The Edmonton Hockey League team.

2. The Vancouver Hockey League team.

3. The Seattle Hockey League team.

4. The Portland Hockey League team.

5. The Tacoma Hockey League team.

6. The Everett Hockey League team.

7. The Bellingham Hockey League team.

8. The Olympia Hockey League team.

9. The Port Townsend Hockey League team.

10. The Shelton Hockey League team.

11. The Hoquiam Hockey League team.

12. The Cannon Beach Hockey League team.

13. The Astoria Hockey League team.

14. The Seaside Hockey League team.

15. The Clatskanie Hockey League team.

16. The Gearhart Hockey League team.

17. The Cannon Beach Hockey League team.

18. The Astoria Hockey League team.

19. The Seaside Hockey League team.

20. The Clatskanie Hockey League team.

21. The Cannon Beach Hockey League team.

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24. The Clatskanie Hockey League team.

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91. The Seaside Hockey League team.

92. The Clatskanie Hockey League team.

93. The Cannon Beach Hockey League team.

94. The Astoria Hockey League team.

SECRET TREATY SIGNED BETWEEN JAPAN AND RUSSIA

Petrograd Paper Publishes What It Alleges to be 1916 Agreement

Petrograd, Dec. 20.—Under the heading "Secret treaty between Japan and Russia," a Petrograd paper publishes what it alleges to be a secret agreement signed in 1916 between the two nations. The agreement, it is stated, was signed by the Japanese ambassador in Petrograd, Baron Goro, and the Russian foreign minister, Count Sokolov. The agreement, it is stated, was signed in 1916, and it is alleged that it was signed in 1916.

The treaty stipulates that the agreement shall remain a secret for all except the parties to the treaty. It is stated that the agreement was signed in 1916, and it is alleged that it was signed in 1916.

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JUST 2 MORE SHOPPING Days Before Xmas

And the question comes up, what to buy, where to get it. Just give Footwear from the "American," and you'll make no mistake.

Three New Arrivals in the Famous J. & K. make for Xmas.

FOR HER

No. 1—Sneak high cut full calf, good quality, well sole and full Louis heel; a real beauty in white A.A. to L.

Price \$11

No. 2—Milkmaid calf No. 3—Chamagne calf with a 2 inch dark calf polish welt, with green cloth top. Good soles and full Louis heel. Price \$12

No. 4—Milkmaid calf No. 5—Chamagne calf with a 2 inch dark calf polish welt, with green cloth top. Good soles and full Louis heel. Price \$12

No. 6—Milkmaid calf No. 7—Chamagne calf with a 2 inch dark calf polish welt, with green cloth top. Good soles and full Louis heel. Price \$12

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JOHNSTONE WALKER'S XMAS SHOPPING NEWS

Our Quick Service Features Bring Great Measures of Shopping Satisfaction these Last Two Days

SHOPPING HOURS are now very precious and valuable. Each minute must be made to count for the most possible. And at Johnstone Walkers you may rest assured there'll be no time lost. Never were Xmas. shops so broad and satisfying for the final two days of gift shopping. And back of all is the will and ambition, as far as it is humanly possible to do so, to give a highly personal service to every shopper. But a greater measure of helpful service is assured those who make it a point to begin the day's gift shopping in the morning hours. Every section of the Store is fairly loaded with gift merchandise—a selection that will make final day choosing a pleasure instead of a worrisome task.

Smart Styles in White Crepe de Chine BLOUSES at \$2.69

A Morning Special that will simply grow irresistible to those who have Johnstone Walker's gift list for Christmas's shopping.

They are of a good white crepe de chine, with deep square or pointed collars, the latest with newswave or lace-trimmed, with trimmed with fine pin tucks or handkerchief tucks; some have touches of embroidery work. Sizes 36 to 44. Morning Special... **\$2.69**

Women's \$1.50 White Flannelette Nightgowns at 98c

Many a thoughtful woman in search of a sensible gift will decide on any of these very warm nightgowns, especially if they are in the store.

They are made of good quality soft white flannelette, with front yokes, trimmed with round neck, down front and on sleeves with full of self. Sizes 36 to 44. Morning Special... **98c**

Reg. 90c to \$1.00 FANCY LINEN for Morning Shoppers at 50c

Although this offering includes about 500 pieces, we strongly advise you to come around as early as possible, for there are already in tremendous demand in the final days of gift shopping.

Table centres, squares and runners, in drawn thread designs, with hemstitched edges or Hattensburg lace trimmed edges. Regular 90c and \$1.00 values. Morning Special... **50c**

100 Only Voile BLOUSE LENGTHS Saturday A.M. \$1.00

Give "Her" one of these ever-popular and serviceable blouse lengths, and let her have it up to her own fancy.

They are perfectly plain white, voile with self designs, colored tabling, stripes, stripes and checks, in a variety of patterns that will please the most critical. They must be seen to be fully appreciated. Per blouse length. Morning Special... **\$1.00**

Charmingly Pretty NECKWEAR for Gift Shoppers

There's an indescribable charm about Neckwear that thrills the heart of every woman. So you can't make any error in deciding on a piece—especially if you make selection here, for our assortment includes the very latest styles.

They are shown in the stock, black, dress collar, collar and cuff sets, to plain V-neck, broad collar, the latest with newswave or lace-trimmed, with trimmed with fine pin tucks or handkerchief tucks; some have touches of embroidery work. Sizes 36 to 44. Morning Special... **\$2.69**

\$1.50 Silver-Plated Mesh Bags at 95c
A fine set of these mesh bags, perfect for carrying, afterglow in the wash and strong frames. There are four in a set. Morning Special... **\$1.95**

Xmas Greeting Cards and Souvenir Calendars—Half Price

Gift shoppers will gather round this. Half Price Christmas of Xmas Cards and Souvenir Calendars Saturday morning in countless numbers. 80c if you buy a dozen, 75c if you buy a dozen, 70c if you buy a dozen, 65c if you buy a dozen, 60c if you buy a dozen, 55c if you buy a dozen, 50c if you buy a dozen, 45c if you buy a dozen, 40c if you buy a dozen, 35c if you buy a dozen, 30c if you buy a dozen, 25c if you buy a dozen, 20c if you buy a dozen, 15c if you buy a dozen, 10c if you buy a dozen, 5c if you buy a dozen, 0c if you buy a dozen.

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Bewitchingly Pretty Styles in Blouses at \$6.95

At this moderate price, we are showing some bewitchingly pretty styles, developed in crepe de chine or georgette crepe. In shades of mauve, pink, coral or white; from lace or have touches of embroidery or head designs; collars are in the new deep, square or pointed, some have touches of embroidery work. Sizes 36 to 44. Morning Special... **\$6.95**

They are shown in the stock, black, dress collar, collar and cuff sets, to plain V-neck, broad collar, the latest with newswave or lace-trimmed, with trimmed with fine pin tucks or handkerchief tucks; some have touches of embroidery work. Sizes 36 to 44. Morning Special... **\$2.69**

\$1.50 Silver-Plated Mesh Bags at 95c
A fine set of these mesh bags, perfect for carrying, afterglow in the wash and strong frames. There are four in a set. Morning Special... **\$1.95**

Give "Her" a Box of "Holeproof" SILK HOSIERY

As a gift from mother to daughter, sister to sister, or woman to woman friend, a box of Holeproof hosiery is a gift that is always appreciated. For few women wear this hosiery with so much satisfaction as the young women.

They are shown in the stock, black, dress collar, collar and cuff sets, to plain V-neck, broad collar, the latest with newswave or lace-trimmed, with trimmed with fine pin tucks or handkerchief tucks; some have touches of embroidery work. Sizes 36 to 44. Morning Special... **\$2.69**

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**FINANCIAL FOUNDATION OF
EDGERTON AGRICULTURAL FAIR
\$2.314.41 IN SEVEN YEARS**

W. H. Hallet and Spencer Bros. Turn About Winners of Best Farm Contest—Many Winners of Prize Monies Indicates Much General Interest in Contests Arranged For Members of Society—They Are

The Edgerton Agricultural Society, which organizes sales every year, started seven years ago without a dollar. At the outset some third grade school children were asked to solicit, a few boasted while many had doubts. The first year's sale was a venture which has proved now to be a profitable one. The society has the people took and now all the proceeds are being used to help the society now aims to sell \$1,000 worth of stock. The year's sale was held on the 10th of the year and the proceeds were \$1,000. The year's sale was held on the 10th of the year and the proceeds were \$1,000.

[illegible]

<p>VIKING TO OBTAIN PERMANENT FAIR GROUNDS SITE</p> <p>Receipts \$3,003 Balance on Hand —Officers Elected at Annual Meeting of Society</p>	<p>MANNIX FARM AND HERD HEREFORDS SOLD FOR \$75,000</p> <p>Deal Included Thirty-six Sections Land and Seven Hundred Head Herefords</p>
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[illegible]

for the **BELGIAN** children
Something to eat



Nothing to eat
is **ALL** they ask !

-No luxuries !
-No toys !

Only money where-
with to buy them
food.

How much will
you spare for this
purpose ?

Every little helps.

"He gives twice
who gives quickly!"

Send your Xmas Gift by cheque or money order to
BELGIAN RELIEF FUND
 P. T. FISHER, Secretary,
 208 Canadian Pacific Bldg., Edmonton.
All subscriptions acknowledged.

PAGE OF INTEREST TO BOYS AND GIRLS

The Pit: A Mishap on Christmas Eve

Ted and Julia, were proud of the commission and felt that much depended on them. Ted felt the way, as he knew his fourteen-year-old brother followed, as he knew his "eldest girl" on "leave." Everything was ready for Christmas at home—holidays, fruit, etc., etc., a few things hanging out in the cold—and, in fact, the so-called mysterious presents would be plentiful and satisfactory. Yet a true son still needed and Ted the son of the house, and Julia, an adopted orphan, were to go to the pit.

So now, in the early afternoon of the cold December day they traversed the long hill at the back of the Mary farm toward wild woods of evergreen as far as the eye went was white with snow, but the death, except for drifts, was only a few inches. Ted walked ahead with rapidity to keep the two-thirds of the hill's length, carrying a heavy basket.

The first two-thirds of the way up the large white stretch of hillside the boys passed on the brink of a pit that had been dug some years by a thick-walled outer in a hanging snow for the "silver" that was, the pit was a small one, but it was a pit.

The boy, however, seeing the pit, did not stop, but went on, and when he was about halfway up the hill, he saw the "silver" that was, the pit was a small one, but it was a pit.

They bumped into a snow-covered obstruction and were moved to the left of their intended course. Ted, however, again when another bump carried him still further to the left. A third bump, a very heavy one, to kick his heels into the snowy surface whirling past, in an effort to change his course, and to shout—"Look out!" in great alarm—when Julia, whose view was obstructed by the branches of a spruce, leaning over a sudden change and fell himself sinking through snow.

The young boy, however, realized that they had gone over the brink of the pit and he found himself floundering at the bottom. In the snow, which happily was deep

revelation of their plight brought frustration. "Why didn't you tell me?" he asked indignantly.

"Who said I couldn't see? You were where you could see."

"This was true," as Ted slowly admitted. "We were fools to try it."

He floundered up to a higher level of the pit's bottom, where the snow was only about ten feet deep, extended a hand to Julia, and then pulled the tree-laden sled after them.

"Who said I couldn't see?" he asked indignantly.

"This was true," as Ted slowly admitted. "We were fools to try it."

He floundered up to a higher level of the pit's bottom, where the snow was only about ten feet deep, extended a hand to Julia, and then pulled the tree-laden sled after them.

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"This was true," as Ted slowly admitted. "We were fools to try it."

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How Alice and Helen Stopped Santa Claus

Alice and Helen were sitting on the steps of their house when they saw a small figure coming down the street. It was Santa Claus, and he was carrying a large sack of toys. Alice and Helen ran out to meet him, and they stopped him. They told him that they had a special gift for him, and they showed him a small box. Santa Claus opened the box and found a small toy. He was very surprised, and he asked Alice and Helen what it was. They told him that it was a special gift from their mother, and he thanked them very much.

Alice and Helen were sitting on the steps of their house when they saw a small figure coming down the street. It was Santa Claus, and he was carrying a large sack of toys. Alice and Helen ran out to meet him, and they stopped him. They told him that they had a special gift for him, and they showed him a small box. Santa Claus opened the box and found a small toy. He was very surprised, and he asked Alice and Helen what it was. They told him that it was a special gift from their mother, and he thanked them very much.

Alice and Helen were sitting on the steps of their house when they saw a small figure coming down the street. It was Santa Claus, and he was carrying a large sack of toys. Alice and Helen ran out to meet him, and they stopped him. They told him that they had a special gift for him, and they showed him a small box. Santa Claus opened the box and found a small toy. He was very surprised, and he asked Alice and Helen what it was. They told him that it was a special gift from their mother, and he thanked them very much.

Our Puzzle Corner!

FOUR ON THE CHRISTMAS TREE

1. You can find some things that others you cannot.
2. The one, although often that is seldom heard.
3. The Christmas tree for charity was a great success.

ANSWERS

1. A gift of the kind.
2. A gift of the kind.
3. A gift of the kind.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FROM

THE

OUR XMAS TREE

If the following words are written one below another, their straight letters, beginning at the upper left-hand corner and ending at the lower right-hand corner will spell a gift very acceptable to Christmas.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FROM

THE

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FROM

THE

On Christmas tree is a wonderful tree. An evergreen tree for you and for me. Find the tree by cutting out and carefully pasting together the black pieces.

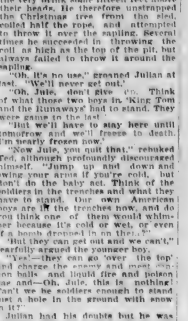
Answer will appear in the issue of The Bulletin next Saturday

TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE.

BY FRANK I. SOLAR.

Illustrations by FRANK I. SOLAR.

A TIN LINED PLANT OR FERN BOX.



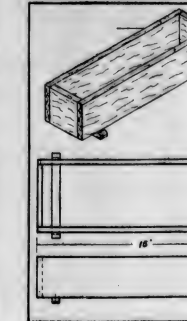
A plant box like the one shown, if bought at a novelty shop costs considerable money and may not be as desirable as one made at home for it may either be too large or too small for the purpose for which it is used.

Christmas Day

BY FRANK I. SOLAR.

Illustrations by FRANK I. SOLAR.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, WHAT'S THE MATTER?



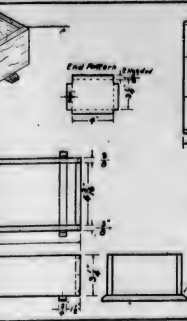
And the logs upon the fire! Candles flaming, And pans arrayed, And notes and troubles by your share Instead of joy.

Christmas in Mouseville

BY FRANK I. SOLAR.

Illustrations by FRANK I. SOLAR.

CHRISTMAS IN MOUSEVILLE



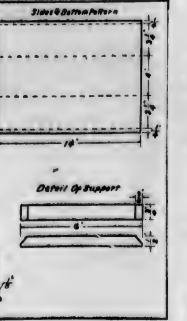
CHRISTMAS IN MOUSEVILLE

CHRISTMAS IN MOUSEVILLE

BY FRANK I. SOLAR.

Illustrations by FRANK I. SOLAR.

CHRISTMAS IN MOUSEVILLE



CHRISTMAS IN MOUSEVILLE

Special Christmas Auction Sale

to be conducted by
REED & ROBINSON,
AT THEIR

Frazer Avenue or (98th St.)

Steele

(Just Off Jasper Avenue and Opposite the Civic Hotel)

Desiring to realize for the city

which, we will dispose of a

Very High Class of

Furniture,

including also several pieces of

Three Thousand Dollars' Worth of Valuable

Jewelry,

belonging to the same estate.

Desire to realize for the city

SATURDAY, DEC. 22ND,

AT 2 O'CLOCK SHARP.

Jewelry will be on view to the public

from 10 o'clock afternoon until 10 o'clock

on Sunday and on time after 10

o'clock on time of sale.

Three Ladies' expensive Diamond

Rings, each when new for \$400.00 to \$500.00, one Diamond

Gent's Cluster ring, beautiful

lady's crescent brooch set with

Diamonds and Sapphire, one

lady's brooch, 2 ladies' gold chain, 1

18-Kt. gold with 10-Kt. watch, and

one of the most costly jewelry and

silverware, etc.

Two very expensive Cuckoo pictures,

\$250 each, several sets of white

china, one beautiful set of

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LETTERS TO UNCLE TOM

Cutcher's Mark.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my first

letter to you. I am a very young

girl and I am writing to you

because I am very lonely and

because I am very sad. I am

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Fourth Letter to Club.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my fourth

letter to you. I am a very young

girl and I am writing to you

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Members a Merry Christmas and a

Prosperous New Year.

HORSE M. AINSWORTH.

Handley, Dec. 7.

Chances to Mockers.

Dear Uncle Tom—This is my second

letter to you. I am a very young

girl and I am writing to you

because I am very lonely and

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An Income For Life--Our Free Christmas Gift

YOU WILL BE WELL ADVISED TO
WATCH THE

SPOT SALE

AT THE DOUGLAS STORE,
AND DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING HERE.
Christmas Gifts in Great Variety--Books, Calendars,
Stationery, Burnt Leather Goods, French Ivory,
Christmas and New Year's Cards, Etc., Etc., Etc.

The Douglas Co. Ltd.

10032 Jasper.

Have our receipts, and cost your estimates for the \$2,250
Free Bungalow.

HAVE YOUR CLOTHES "MADE FOR YOU--NOT MERELY
SOLD TO YOU."

LA FLECHE BROS.

Western Canada's Greatest Custom Tailoring House

HERE IS A BARGAIN

SHOE FLY ROCKERS

CHRISTMAS WEEK SPECIAL

Large Size \$1.75 Medium Size \$1.50
ON SALE TODAY

Graham and Reid Ltd.

HOME FURNISHERS



Bracelet Watches

—A Timepiece, as well as an ornament for the wrist.
Solid Gold . . . \$25.00 to \$100.00
Gold Filled . . . \$10.00 to \$22.00
Silver with leather straps \$12.00
Gold Filled with straps \$14.00
to . . . \$18.00

ASH BROTHERS

Jewellers. Diamond Merchants. C.P.R. Watch Inspectors.
Issuers of Marriage Licences.

We Wish You a
Merry Christmas

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER

We offer to our customers, winning the \$2,250 Bungalow.

Burnham-Frith Electric COMPANY, LIMITED

Cor. Jasper and 4th Street. Phone 6135.

Alberta Coal Has Value In Every Ounce

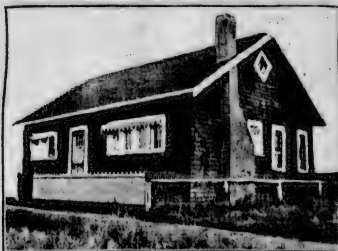
Don't be caught short of coal! Let us fill your cellar
for you.
Remember, our receipt is worth one estimate for every
dollar you pay.

Use your phone and let us have your order.

PHONE 6355

The Great Northern Coal

Co., Ltd.
EDMONTON



Free Title to this \$2,250 Bungalow will be the Christmas Gift to one of our readers.

It Will Not Cost the Winner a Cent - Read How To Get It

ON December 24th a FREE Gift will be made of the clear title deeds to this beautiful five-room bungalow, located at 12610 109th Ave., City, to some patron of the stores advertising on these Special Pages.
The conditions are very simple--Buy your goods from the stores whose advertisements appear on these two special pages--save your bills, and for every \$1.00 spent you will be entitled to one guess on the number of grains of seed wheat in the container we will place in full view in the front window of The Bulletin Office--On Dec. 24th a committee of Judges, who will be named later, will make a public count of the number of grains of seed wheat in the container and the person guessing the correct number, or the one whose guess is nearest correct, will be awarded this beautiful bungalow without payment of one cent of money.
There are the ONLY conditions: FIRST: Patronize the stores advertising on these pages; SECOND: Bring your bills to The Bulletin Office and register your guess on the number of grains of seed wheat in the container.
THE PRIZE WILL IN NO EVENT BE AWARDED TO AN EMPLOYEE OR DEPENDENT OF EMPLOYEE OF THE BULLETIN CO. LTD.

The name Humberstone has, since the time Edmonton was Fort
Edmonton, stood for high grade coal. It occupies the same position
among coals that No. 1 Northern does in the wheat market.

HUMBERSTONE QUALITY IS UNCHALLENGED
HUMBERSTONE SERVICE IS UNMATCHED

Prices consistent with quality and service. Remember, you get
full value in fuel for every dollar you spend and an opportunity to
win the \$2,250 bungalow.

Humberstone Coal Co.

Phones 2248, 1492, 2258 : 9981 Jasper Ave.

Remember

The one gift that will make wide
smile on Christmas Day.

A HOOSIER CABINET

Save her many steps--
Sold on easy payments too.

HOOSIER STORE

E. A. WOOD.
10024 101A Ave.

PURE MILK CREAM

BUTTER & CHEESE

FROM THE

WOODLAND DAIRY

Every dollar's worth of milk brings
you a chance of winning the \$2,250
free bungalow.

Are YOU a Sufferer From Rheumatism

Or Its Kindred Ills?
If So, Try This:



People who have used R. & S.
POWDER say that it is the most
powerful and effective remedy
known for rheumatism and
stomach trouble.

We are daily in receipt of letters
from sufferers from rheumatism
who are grateful for the relief
they have had, and we
have on our files hundreds of testimonials.

R & S POWDER

May be obtained at all dealers
or sent postpaid by R. & S. Co.,
Edmonton.

Between the R. & S. trade
marks on boxes for guesses on the
\$2,250 bungalow.

This is the Great Opportunity
for the House Buyer -
Here's the best house value
in Edmonton.

Double house, fully modern.
Building cost \$2600; lot cost
\$2250. Houses would cost about
\$4850 to put in repair. Can be
bought for \$1400; \$400 cash,
balance on good terms. If you
have a house to sell, let us have
it. We have the buyers every
day.

Whyte & Co. Ltd.

HOUSE SPECIALISTS.
111 Brown Building.
Phone 234.

FOR PAINTS and WALLPAPERS

GO TO

JAMIESON'S AGENCY . .

10626 Jasper

You get full value in goods for
every dollar you spend and an opportunity of becoming the owner of
the \$2,250 FREE BUNGALOW.
Phone 1510

ARE YOU LUCKY?

IT WAS OUR CUSTOMER WHO WON THE BIG PRIZE

LAST YEAR

KING COAL

With Mahar Coal Co. Service.

PHONE 1066

Or call and see us at our New
office in the Rossum Building.

MAHAR COAL CO'Y.

Edmonton's Leading Coal Merchants
Office: Rossum Bldg., Jasper and 102nd St. Phone 1445.
Yards: 106th Street and 104th Avenue

When Doing Your Xmas Shopping Don't Forget We
Have a Full Line of
Christmas Gifts in Great Variety
All Useful and the Best Quality.

We give \$50 worth of merchandise to our customer
who guesses the correct or nearest the correct
number in the Bulletin contest.

ESSERY & CO.

THE MEN'S STORE

10073 Jasper Avenue.

Phone 5495

Announcement!

We wish to announce the arrival of a large stock of Congoleum
Rugs, Carpets, Linoleum, Windsor Shades, etc.
This stock was purchased at the old prices, and you need
only inspect our well assorted lines to satisfy yourself.
Give us a call; it will pay you.

Hutton Furniture & Upholstering Company

Phone 1306.

We do Upholstering, Carpet Cleaning, Furniture Packing and Repairs.

10520 Jasper Ave.

THE SEASON'S LATEST FASHIONS IN

FUR NECESSITIES

Our stock contains many charming designs in Fur and Fur
Costs, in styles that will dominate this coming season. We
would advise an early selection before the cold weather.

WE ALSO SPECIALIZE IN
Furs Made to Order and Furs Remodeled
By Well Experienced Workmen.

Alexander - Hilpert Fur Co. Ltd.

10827 Jasper Ave., between 108th St. and 109th St. Scott Bldg.

Phone 4094

Every dollar spent here gives you a chance to win this beautiful
Free Home

Your Christmas Dinner

IS NOT COMPLETE WITHOUT

CAMPBELL'S BREAD

On Sale by All Leading
Grocers

PHONE 1444

AND HAVE OUR WAGON

CALL TODAY

Get your Christmas Supplies from Campbell's Bakery. The
finest possible in Cake and Pastry.

CHAS. W. CAMPBELL

The Better Bread Baker Phone 1444

Every dollar's worth of bread tickets from us gives you
a chance to win the free bungalow.

A Phonograph

In your home for Christmas will be the ideal
Christmas gift for the family. Why not see
us at once and let us arrange to deliver you one?

DO NOT OVERLOOK
THE POSSIBILITY OF

BEADS

As dainty gifts. Chains, Bags, Trinkets, etc.,
the loveliest assortment in the West.

The Masters Piano Co.

10521 Jasper.



An Income for Life--Our Free Christmas Gift

SALE OF COATS ON SATURDAY

VELOUR COATS—Values up to \$75.00, selling for \$35.00
Also other assorted groups at \$14.95, \$18.50, \$24.50, \$29.50.

Christmas Gift Suggestions

DAINTY HANDKERCHIEFS—Creme de Chine, each 25c
Boxed at, per box 50c, 70c, \$1 up to \$3.50
PRETTY BLOUSES, \$4, \$5, \$6.50, \$7.50, \$8.50 and \$10.50.
SILK SWEATER COATS, \$16.50 up to \$25
WARM WOOL SWEATER COATS, \$9.50 up to \$15.50
HOSIERY—Kaysen Silk Stockings, pair \$2

ALSO GLOVES, WINDSOR TIES, NECKWEAR, ETC.
HIGH GRADE FURS—SPECIALLY PRICED.

Forbes-Taylor Ltd.

10514-19 Jasper Ave.

To Specially Favored Men

—Men who have every guarantee they will live another 20 or 30 or 40 years—I have no special message.
But to you, sir, who reads this—

HOW ABOUT SOME BEST INSURANCE?

Phone me about it.

W. W. HUTTON—THE SUN LIFE MAN
Phones 5179 and 5180

Home Electric Light & Power Co.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR
DELCO LIGHT PRODUCTS
Send us a Copy of Your Plans and Let us Estimate on Your Wiring Job.
Ask for illustrated catalogue of
DELCO LIGHT

ELECTRICITY FOR EVERYONE, EVERYWHERE.
10028 Jasper Ave., Edmonton, Alta.

DON'T Let the Cold Weather Catch You Unprepared

Be in time and purchase one of our splendid, cozy, warm overcoats.
The selection now is large. Select your own style, and leave the rest to us.

BE A TAILORED MAN. The price is very little higher than the ready-made product, and you get absolute satisfaction.

Full Suitings in Great Variety, at Right Prices, and
A HOUSE FOR NOTHING, AT

Robinson Tailoring Co.

Floral Gifts For Christmas

See Our Beautiful Display of Plants,
FERNS, CYCLAMEN, PRIMULAS,
BEGONIAS—FANCY BASKETS,
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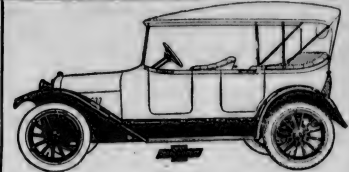
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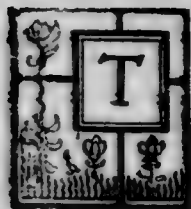


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ONLY JONES A Day Before Christmas Story



THE Rev. Arthur Montgomery Simms-Sinclair was suffering in the flesh and in the spirit. A cup of tea was in his right hand, a wreath of holly dangling from that wrist,

and P. Wilmering Delancey standing at his left and interrupting his profound remarks to Miss Ursula Allen made a combination to try his soul.

The words, the glances, the smiles that he felt were meant for him were being coolly appropriated by P. Wilmering. Worse than that, P. Wilmering was able to sip his tea without allowing the holly to slide to his shoulder. Nor was the holly tickling the wrist of P. Wilmering as it was that of the Rev. Arthur Simms-Sinclair.

Now Jones, who was patiently putting holly and evergreen about the woodwork and pictures (the three men had graciously come to help get things ready for the children's party)—Jones, we say, was not bothering the Rev. Simms-Sinclair.

Jones was not bothering anyone. In the main it was Ursula Allen who bothered the reverend young gentleman. Women—young women—can bother the mind of man without intending so to do.

"Ah," mused the Rev. Simms-Sinclair, doing a Hermann the Great movement and capturing his cup before it jumped from the edge of the saucer; "ah, what would Christmas be without the children?" His eyes took on a mellow look and he gazed tenderly at the two young people before him. "What would Christmas be without the children?"

"Were you speaking to me?" asked Jones after neither of the others had supplied the Rev. Simms-Sinclair with a reply.

"Uh—uh—that is, my remark was purely a general one," explained the rector of St. Paul's.

"Kind of an echo-answers-why proposition," said Delancey.

"For the children without Christmas?" asked Ursula, handing another bunch of evergreen to Jones. "One poor family down in Abbeville alley has sixteen children. Seventeen! Think of that!"

"How ought really to think of sixteen children in institutions," declared P. Wilmering earnestly. "If I had to think of all of them at once I'd rather think of an orphan's home and be done with it."

The Rev. Simms-Sinclair saw his opportunity to cast himself into the wave of sympathy that was sweeping Ursula.

"What can the father of those little ones do?" he inquired, with pathos in his voice. "To have them, one could conjure up pictures of a worn, weary man coming home in the gloomy twilight, downcast, hunched from thirty-two years' toil, to answer sixteen inquisitive questions for a father. "What can the father of those poor little ones do?"

"Write to Roosevelt," suggested Jones, who was standing on a chair and trying to harmonize a strand of cyress and holly-berries with a ruffled visage of good old Uncle Johnnie Apple.

URSULA jumped. "I want everybody to be happy on Christmas day, and if there is anything I can do or say for them on Christmas eve, I am only too glad of it. And it is simply noble of you men to help so."

Jones, who was posing as one figure of the Laocoon group, with some ten yards of greens representing the entwining serpent glanced at the teacups and then laughed as well as a man may be expected to laugh when his hilarity is strained through a scuffed row of teeth and teeth.

Delancey walked down the room to study the effect of the decorations, and Simms-Sinclair drew nearer to Ursula, to say softly:

By Henry Kittell Webster, Samuel E. Kiser and Wilbur D. Nesbit

Illustrated by Henry Thiele

Wherein the Christmas spirit is almost forgotten in a spirit of selfishness, but it is later brought home in a forceful manner

"You were speaking of wanting this to be a happy Christmas for all, Miss Ursula. And that if there was anything you could say or do you would be only too glad. Now there is one poor, lonely soul that you can cheer at this time. It is—"

Before he could finish, Delancey came back, and the Rev. Simms-Sinclair is yet wondering whether he fractured a commandment by concluding his remark with a reference to a poverty-stricken parishioner of his who had been released from jail only to learn that his job had not been held for him during his stay in the cells.

"Poor man!" Ursula sighed. "We must take a basket to his family. He has children, you say?"

"Yes. That is fine of you—splendid. Ah, what would Christmas be without the—"

"Without the mistletoe," Delancey interrupted. "Simms-Sinclair, take a look at that wreath Jones has hung upon the brow of the bust of Grandpa Allen. As an arbiter of what is elegant and decorous in this community, doesn't it give the benign old gentleman rather a bacchanalian air?"

"Such an idea!" Ursula gurgled, glancing at the bust.

WHILE the rector was adjusting the wreaths on Grandpa Allen, Delancey told Ursula that he had something to say to her when she had a moment to spare.

"My goodness!" she said. "I don't know when I'm going to have a restful moment until after New Year's."

"But this will only take a minute. Maybe—"

"Shall I put the mistletoe on the chandelier or will you trust to luck?" Jones asked suddenly from behind Delancey.

"I didn't know we had any mistletoe," Ursula pouted.

It is a strong idea to tell girls about the mistletoe.

"Mistletoe," Simms-Sinclair remarked ponderously, "I may say is a relic of an ancient pagan rite, and should be—"

"Those pagans had their faults," Delancey asserted; then with a feeble smile: "But they always stood up for their rites."

"A pun!" said Ursula sarcastically. "I can give you the creeps."

"I can, I may say, have been characterized as the lowest order of wit," supplemented the Rev. Simms-Sinclair.

"But you can't tell what the pun was—and that's worse than making one," Delancey retorted.

"Now, let's not quarrel over it," Ursula laughed. "I'm wondering what has become of Mr. McAdam. He promised to be here, too, to help."

"Mr. James McAdam, the railroad disorganizer?" Delancey asked.

"Yes, and two or three others, and a lot of pretty girls. They are coming to-night to assist. I chose the prettiest ones I know, because you men must have beauty about you."

"As far as I am concerned," Delancey vowed, "I stand with the old Prussian poet—what's his name?—the fellow that spiked his verses with capital letters and asked whether you got off the car at this corner or rode as far as the barns."

"What in the world are you talking about?" Ursula asked.

"I mean the chap that wrote that thing to the lady and told her that as long as he had her and a cold bottle and

a best-selling book the wilderness would be a furnished apartment with a kind-hearted janitor."

Simms-Sinclair gravely took a cup from the table and studied it before correcting P. Wilmering.

"It was not a Prussian poet," he announced. "It was a Persian—Omar Khayyam—and he—"

A muffled mumble came from Jones.

"Apo you choking on a tack, Mr. Jones?" Ursula cried, going toward him.

"I told you to be careful," Jones took some tacks from between his lips and explained that he had merely been laughing.

"What I'd like to know," Ursula remarked, "is which of you is going to play Santa Claus tonight?"

"Which of us?" asked Simms-Sinclair. "A man of my cloth could hardly—I must beg of you to excuse me from such a task."

Now Simms-Sinclair could think rapidly when he had to, and just then he was swiftly reflecting that whoever enacted the role of Santa Claus would be kept from the side of Ursula the entire evening.

Also P. Wilmering Delancey could think quickly. No Santa Claus for him. He knew what he wanted Santa Claus to give him, and he knew if he played Santa Claus he would not get a chance to ask for it.

"I haven't any conscientious scruples," he explained, "but I couldn't take the part of Santa Claus. I haven't the flesh. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is missing. Simms-Sinclair is all right for the part. He's fat—"

"Sir!" from Simms-Sinclair.

"He's fat and good natured—sometimes—and he's fond of children. What would Christmas be without them, Simms-Sinclair?"

"I'll be Santa," Jones offered.

"Oh, you're the very man for the part!" Ursula beamed.

"Couldn't get a better," agreed the rector.

"Just what you should do," Delancey asserted.

BUT where's Mr. McAdam? Ursula asked, wondering. "He said he would come this afternoon, sure."

"McAdam has his troubles," Delancey said. "He always impressed me as a very clever gentleman—mayhap a trifle crude, but then—"

"Oh, they just want to sue him for merging a lot of railroads and making a lot of money," Delancey explained. "In this country, if you don't make money some one will sue you, and as soon as you do make money they begin picking out the jury."

"He will be here, though," Ursula declared positively. "Mr. McAdam always keeps his promises. He does what he says he will do. He is one of those big, bold, aggressive men who conquer all obstacles—"

"Howdy, all," some one said heartily. "Didn't bother to ring. Just walked in. Jeems, there, in the hall, didn't seem to want me to, but I convinced him I wasn't calling on him."

"We're all glad to see you, at any rate," Ursula smiled. "I was only this moment saying you would be sure to come."

"Yes," McAdam laughed, "I overheard you while Jeems was getting his breath. Glad to have a friend at court. Wish

you'd be on the bench if they ever serve those papers on me. Now, what's up here?"

"We've been decorating for Christmas."

"Christmas?"

"To be sure. Tomorrow, you know. This is Christmas eve."

"You don't say! I've been so busy I haven't kept track of holidays—except Sundays. Have to remember Sundays, don't we, Simms-Sinclair?" (He pronounced the rector's name as it was spelled.)

"Simms-Sinkler, if you please," said that gentleman stiffly.

"Sure! Have it your own way. But why don't you say it the way you spell it, or spell it the way you say it?"

"It's the way we English pronounce it, and one naturally wishes to have his name pronounced as he—"

OF COURSE, my boy. Sure! Simms-Sinclair, then. How's that sound?" Delancey said, eying Ursula, but she was studying the holly over a picture.

"Well, tastes differ. Some people may want to take Delancey for a name, and some may want to take McAdam. How about that, Jones?"

"You never can tell," Jones replied, brushing some holly leaves from his coat.

"Oh, I guess you can tell, all right enough. All you got to do is find out. Isn't that right, Miss Ursula?"

"Now, our work here is over for the present," Ursula evaded. "I must begin my round of Christmas visits. I have any amount of presents for my poor charges."

"And don't forget, Miss Ursula," begged Simms-Sinclair, "that you promised to look in on some of my worthy parishioners. There's the man who lost his position."

"Look here," McAdam remarked bluntly, "if I'd known Miss Ursula was going to run around and see each fellow's objects of charity, best if I wouldn't have had ten or fifteen men fired—for Christmas week, anyhow."

"But the cases I mention are real," Simms-Sinclair stated.

"There's that man with the free silver ratio of children," Delancey suggested.

"There are a goodly number of them," calmly continued the rector. "I have a wedding ceremony to perform at 6 o'clock and cannot devote the time I should like to the visits. When I took my degree at Oxford I promised myself that never should a Christmas go by without my visiting the poor."

McAdam pulled from his pocket a hugely corpulent roll of bills. The outer wrapper had a C on it, and the bundle was as thick as his wrist. He flipped the bills against the end of his thumb and said:

"I'll not be left out. I'll just tuck one of them shipplasters into each of Miss Ursula's baskets. That's me. I may be late getting into the game, but I'll make my ante good. I'll go along with you on this good Samaritan trip and scatter seeds of sunshine. Isn't there some kind of a song about scattering seeds of sunshine?"

"There is," Simms-Sinclair informed him.

"Well, money talks, but we'll make it sing this time. Eh?"

"That is simply grand of you, Mr. McAdam," Ursula asserted, and McAdam felt his heart thumping fiercely against his vest. "I know you are a man who wants to make the poor little children happy, aren't you?"

"Sure! Of course. Going to have a bunch of them here tonight, aren't you? Mighty pretty decorations."

"Yes, Mr. Jones put most of them up. Don't you think the children will like them?"

"Sure! Should say so! Tell you what. I'll just tie some \$10 bills every foot or so on those ropes of green stuff. Then tell

A PAGE ABOUT MUSIC and MUSICIANS

Looking for a Requiem for Heroes of Allied Nations

The timely suggestion has been put forward in England that the world at least the peoples of the Allied nations—is waiting for a great musical composition that will be a Requiem for the heroes of the Allied countries. By way of introducing an article on this subject in the London Musical Times, Rosa Newmarch says: "We have entered on the fourth year of a world war which has left countless homes bereft of some beloved presence. All life seems peopled with memories of our glorious dead; but, as yet Art has not spoken any supreme word of consolation to the sorrowing universe."

"Assuredly it will come. There are ample indications that the world is full of poetic feeling and aspiration, and when these bright and kindling sparks, that seem at present to be scattered hither and thither on the winds of strife, have time to gather and 'condense into an orb,' some mighty memorial of these days will rise and shine upon the world. On which horizon will it appear? Meanwhile none of the musical efforts that have been made to commemorate our heroes has proved to be of epic quality. The most considerable achievement so far appears to be Kastalsky's 'Requiem for the Fallen Heroes of the Allied Armies,' a work which created a deep impression when produced at Moscow in the spring of 1916."

This composer gives a brief description of his Requiem in these words: "The continually strengthen-

ing brotherhood and unity of the allied nations, and the bond of mutual aid which draws them together in the present war, naturally engender the idea of fraternal prayer for the warriors who have fallen for the common cause. The author thus pictures to himself a solemn religious ceremony of Commemoration: The Divine Office is attended by representative groups of soldiers from the allied armies; funeral chants are heard, now from the Russians, now from the Roman Catholics, now from the Serbs, now from the English. One language alternates with another. Sometimes the trumpet-calls of the different armies resound—the beat of the drum and the cannonade; more distinctly the lamentations of wives, mothers, and orphans are audible. From the quarters of the Asiatic troops Japanese and Indian melodies reach us. At the proclamation of "Rest eternal" the military bands join in, the guns thunder out salutes, and the music takes on a brightness of color in keeping with the glorification of the dead heroes."

Since 1916, great changes have been taking place, notably the entrance of the United States in the war on the side of the Allies. Some may say that a Requiem suiting the needs of today might be unsuitable a few months hence. Whether it will come, or when it will come we know not. Yet it is to be hoped that a representative (in as far as is humanly possible) Requiem for the Allied heroes will be given us

How Jealousy Has Its Effect

Sometimes in large cities as in small towns musical jealousies may be found. In an American town about a year ago efforts were made to unite four of the church choirs in a choral society. The plan had the approval of all and the difficulty of selecting a director of the combined choirs was solved by the rude but effective way of putting the names of all four choir-masters in a hat and drawing one of them. In like manner an accompanist was selected and there seemed to be no possible occasion for discord—other than the usual discord caused by the poor leader early in the season. But unfortunately, the music to be sung was not selected by lot. The director chose as one number a composition of his own. Instantly one of the unemployed choir-masters made a sneering remark which was seditiously carried by a busybody. The director resigned and all his friends and admirers resigned with him. More than one choral society has ended in such a blaze of "glory." Musicians are touchy folk, but a thick skin can be acquired by careful attention by almost anyone. "And behold, he is offended!" is a Biblical phrase which has no direct reference to any musician, but might be applied to a good

many. More of the spirit of Schumann is desirable in choir-lofts. When he was writing his quartets, Mendelssohn saw the manuscript and expressed the belief that Schumann might be better employed in taking a walk. None the less, those quartets were dedicated to Mendelssohn. On one occasion Schumann was entertaining Liszt at dinner and the distinguished pianist made bold to utter some disparaging remark about Mendelssohn and his music. Schumann rose from his chair, seized his guest by the shoulders, shook him thoroughly and said: "How dare you speak of so great a master!" One of the other guests in recounting the incident afterwards said "It was a piece of bad manners, but I honored him for it." Perhaps the Schumann method was a bit drastic, but there are too many professional musicians today who are envious of the success of their brethren and are too ready to express that envy in sordid and peevish gossip.

McCORMACK IS GOING TO FRANCE

John McCormack, the tenor, is going to France to sing for the soldiers. "I want to go to France to cheer up the boys in the trenches," he said following a concert, "and to tell them also that America is behind them with everything she has."

"I'm going over there with the popular songs of the day, of sentiment and memory. I'll give them songs of cheer, whether 'Auld Lang Syne.' If the boys ask me for Broadway's latest, I'll answer, 'Here you are, pals,' and give it to them straight, and if the song carries a jig with it, that will go along, too. And if anyone offers me money ... shoot him."

"We can scarcely do enough for the boys who have gone to the front. We must sacrifice all pleasures now because this is a war, the greatest in history of Christendom, and America is in the spotlight."

The tenor—according to an Evening Wisconsin reporter—believes that enemy alien entertainers should be interned for the duration of the war. "What do you think would happen to me if I should go into Germany and start a concert tour? I'm afraid the stone wall method of internment would be resorted to."

The tenor thought it inadvisable to take music by German composers now dead from the programs. "Take all contemporary German composers from our programs only. We are fighting the Germans."

Mr. McCormack will rush through his winter engagements in order to leave for France at the earliest date.

The rules of music have their place but it is the real genuine spirit of music that it is more important to get into one's nature. It is the getting of music into ourselves in order to put ourselves into the music.

WINNIPEG QUARTET IN BRILLIANT DEBUT

The Winnipeg String Quartet won a genuine success at its first concert given in the Fort Garry Hotel in Winnipeg recently. In a program replete with interesting offerings the new organization astonished its large audience with the refinement of its ensemble utterance and dignity of style. There was much to admire in the interpretation given the Haydn quartet in D Major, the various movements of which were invested with elasticity or rhythm, polished phrasing and beauty of tone. By way of contrast Frank Bridge's "Londonderry Air" was later given with delightful effect. A singularly striking "Berceuse," composed by Niccolò Poppoldoff, the Belgian violin virtuoso, a member of the quartet, created a very favorable impression.

The assisting soloist, Mrs. Frank Hanson, a pupil of M. Poppoldoff, won approval for her intelligent interpretation of the Grieg Sonata in G for Violin and Piano. Mrs. Hanson added to her success in a duet with her teacher, who chose Bach's Concerto in D Minor. Fred M. Gee proved a highly skilled accompanist.

The members of the quartet are M. Niccolò Poppoldoff, first violin; M. C. Walston, second violin; G. H. Williams, viola, and Fred Dalman, 'cello.

Mr. Dalman played with the Macdonald orchestra for some time after the installation here. Musicians and many others will remember his work.

Notes on and Off the Line

WOMAN TO CONDUCT ORCHESTRA OF MEN

Kitty Cheatham is giving another evidence of her pioneer spirit in the general arrangements of her annual recital. Though Miss Cheatham has repeatedly appeared as soloist with the leading symphony orchestras throughout the country, this is the first time that she has given an orchestral recital of her own. She will be assisted by Solter and her male symphony orchestra. Solter (as this Scandinavian leader chooses to be called, preferring to eliminate her first name) is the only woman in the world conducting a male symphony band and orchestra. When asked about this unusual artistic collaboration, Miss Cheatham said: "I heard last September that a woman conductor, with her own band, had been engaged by the Park Commissioners to give a popular concert in Central Park. I was so interested and impressed that at last woman was beginning to be recognized in the field of musical leadership that I went to the concert to form my impressions. I found fully ten thousand persons listening attentively and enthusiastically to a fine classical program, conducted by a masterly musician. I met Mme. Solter later and the result is this concert. I feel it a privilege to be associated with a woman of her ideals and musical equipment, and I know that the result of this co-operation will be, perhaps, more far-reaching than we now realize. At any rate, one more barrier is broken down for woman. Mme. Solter is the daughter of one of Europe's most masterly band leaders, Vladimir Solter, and she herself is not only a master of every instrument required in a band or orchestra, but was a flute soloist at eight and a conductor at fourteen."

Miss Cheatham is making this program—which is the first night recital she has given and which is primarily for her many admirers who have not been able to hear her afternoon programs—a popular one.

Personality Vs. Music By Rule

That the personality of the interpreter of music is the most important element in the interpretation is the assertion of a writer in the New York Sun. There are artists which the public consider second or third rate musicians whose technical ability perhaps even surpasses that of the outstanding favorites and yet there is lacking the real message that differentiates the greater and lesser artists. This writer adds: "It is an old topic, indeed, if for no other reason at least because little children will grow up and become new generations of music lovers. These dear young ones have to learn that the interpretative artist is no artist at all if he gives no expression to himself."

"A parrot can talk quite wisely at times, but it does not know what it is saying. The confident young pianist who marches out on the stage and recites a Beethoven sonata according to the rules and regulations laid down by his teacher is no artist. He is usually not even a good parrot. But the player whose personality cannot be smothered will either interest or enrage the hearer. He has something to say."

Soldier Recognized Voice Of Father

A young Lance-Corporal was lying wounded in a field hospital in France. Music was provided the suffering man by means of a phonograph and a collection of records. As soon as one selection started the young non-com recognized his father's voice immediately. Turning to the nurse in attendance he said "I know the man who is singing that record." "Oh, no you must be mistaken," she replied, "for that is one of the world's great singers."

But this young soldier who was the son of Morgan Kingston, the tenor, smiled at the compliment and said: "He is my father." Two other of the wounded men who had heard the well-known tenor in England corroborated the Lance-Corporal's statement to the great surprise of the nurse. Morgan Kingston is no stranger in Canada. Morgan Kingston will appear in Edmonton this season.

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She bids it's a new kind of flower, and your Uncle Dudley is the florist."

"I'm afraid that might keep the children from enjoying the trifles I am going to put on the tree for them," Ursula de-
 tained.

"I'll cut it out, then," Jabez replied. "You just tell me where to spill the money and I'll tap my barrel. I'm in your hands, understand."

He looked so meaningfully at Ursula that Delancey felt the ground being pulled from under his feet.

"Let me come to the front with my bright idea," he begged. "It's getting late in the afternoon, and my automobile is ten times as fast as Miss Allen's carriage will be. I'll take her and her packages around to the houses she wants to find. It'll be no trouble at all."

"You are awfully kind," Ursula answered, "but I could not think of troubling you. Mr. Jones was going with me as a general utility man, and—"

"Jones is tired out now with all he has done," P. Wilmering said.

"And besides he has to prepare for the Santa Claus work this evening," submitted the rector.

"Don't consider meat all," Jones requested. "I think Mr. Delancey's suggestion very good."

"But you haven't yet finished your work," Simms-Sinclair argued. "You haven't yet hung the mistletoe."

"Hang the mistletoe!" Jabez exclaimed.

"What we need is more confidence and less mistletoe. We could have left packages at half a dozen places while we are arguing. Let's all get into the buzz wagon and take the things around. Let's all go. I don't intend to be crowded out as soon as I got here. Not me. Not Jabez McAdam. No, sir! This is the first Christmas I've heard of in five years, and I'm going to stay to the finish. Come on! Where's the bundles?"

Under the domination of this master of men and money there was nothing else to do but to obey. Delancey peered out of the window and saw his machine standing near the curb ready for him. Ursula showed them the packages, heaped in the rear of the wide hall. Then the men began carrying out the things. They moved by platoon—four at a time. Neither of them would let any of the others be left alone in the house with Ursula.

"There isn't going to be room for all of us, I'm afraid," Delancey informed them. "The machine is chock-full of bundles now."

"Leave me out," Jones said. "I'd rather run along home, anyhow. Give me that package for Mrs. Callahan, and I'll take it to her. It's not much out of my way."

He went into the house to get his hat brushed. Ursula followed him, calling back:

"Wait a minute. I must go and show Mr. Jones where to hang the mistletoe."

The others waited what seemed to them a prodigiously long time.

"I've got that 6 o'clock wedding," Simms-Sinclair fretted. "Every minute counts with me."

"Huh!" Jabez commented. "Every minute counts with me, too. Let's all go in and see about that mistletoe."

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II.

WHEN Miss Allen came from the house again the Rev. Arthur Montgomery Simms-Sinclair, Mr. Jabez McAdam and Mr. Delancey were lined up at the rear of the automobile, each deter-

mined to help her into it. The situation might have been embarrassing if Mr. Jones had not happened to accompany her down the steps. As it was, she permitted him to assist her to a seat, but another difficulty immediately presented itself. Only one of the men could sit in the tonneau with the lady. Mr. Delancey heartily wished that both Jabez McAdam and the Rev. Arthur Montgomery Simms-Sinclair might at that moment have been in Baton Rouge or Ispahan. It is perhaps needless to explain how the matter ended. Time was when the church could dictate, but we live in the age of business. Mr. McAdam had in his commercial training acquired the habit of acting quickly, and he scrambled into the covet-

ed seat without giving ministerial dignity a chance to assert itself. The Rev. Arthur Montgomery Simms-Sinclair looked at his watch and, seeing that it was ten minutes after 5, begged Delancey to put on his high speed. "It is necessary for me to marry those people at 6 o'clock," he urged, "and we must make better time than this or we cannot get around."

"My emergency brake doesn't work well," Delancey replied, hoping the minister might be induced to desert them, "and we can't take the risk of having Miss Allen hurt in an accident."

"Don't creep along on my account," she said; "I've outgrown pony carts. Besides, you know, I'm in a hurry, too. I must get home in time to dress for the party."

"Yes, hit 'er up," added Jabez, glancing anxiously back. "We're not afraid. People'll be askin' us where the hearse is if we poke along like this."

"Very well," said Delancey, going ahead at full speed. "I think we'll be able to get around in good time."

When they stopped in front of the home of the Widow Sturgis Miss Allen and Delancey went in to deliver a bundle. While they stood in the hall waiting for the good woman's lame son—who had lost an overwhelming majority of his toes flipping cars—to summon her from the kitchen, the gentleman wiped some grease from his knuckles and glanced anxiously around, saying:

"When I called on you this afternoon I had a distinct purpose in mind, but this is the first chance I have had to mention it. May I tell you now that I have been longing ever since—"

He was interrupted by Mr. Simms-

Sinclair, who rushed in to say that he considered it his duty to leave a spiritual message with the provisions. After him came Jabez McAdam, who had just remembered that Mrs. Sturgis might be in need of ready money, and he begged that lady, as she came forward with expressions of gratitude and five more of her children, to accept a bill which he put into her hand.

"You see," he explained, "I've been a mighty busy man, and I guess I've neglected a lot of things I ought to have done long ago. Thank heaven, there's widows and orphans I can still help. What did your husband die of?"

"A tobacco heart, poor man," the widow replied.



He was interrupted by Mr. Simms-Sinclair, who rushed in to say that he considered it his duty to leave a spiritual message with the provisions.

"But he bore up brave to the last, and was smokin' an hour before it happened. If he could only be held on a little longer he'd of left enough cigar coupons to get little Jimmie an open-faced watch."

"Some people may be too good to touch money, with anything but tongs," the philanthropist said to Ursula, "but if there's any shortage of peace on earth and good will toward men in this town tonight it won't be my fault."

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"IT WAS very noble of you to do that," she replied. "I'm so glad you came along. And—and of course, your money isn't tainted, is it?"

"I consider it no more than proper, Mr. McAdam," the minister made haste to say as they were starting forward again, "to warn you of the danger of giving money promiscuously. When you toss your lucre into people's laps you rob them of self-reliance, their most precious possession. Help is like whisky. A little of it may occasionally be beneficial, but it is likely to be demoralizing when given too freely."

"Never mind," Jabez answered, "this is Christmas eve, and I know of lots better things than tryin' to get people to sing hosannas on empty stomachs."

Shortly before they arrived at the residence of Mrs. Mercedes Lynch, Delancey, while steering with one hand and endeavoring with the other to turn up the lights, ran into a coal wagon. But fortunately, beyond interrupting the reverie of the driver, who was placidly delaying a street car, no damage was done.

The three gentlemen accompanied Miss Allen on her errand of mercy to the cadavers, where Mrs. Lynch met them at

the door, and, having accepted Ursula's gift, informed them that she had just received a letter from the sea, who was her only support and comforter. He had arrived at San Francisco—she didn't know just where from—and intended to come home as soon as she could raise the money to pay his way.

"There," said Jabez McAdam, stripping a bill from his roll, "that'll help some, I guess. Don't be afraid. I didn't make it out of oil or copper, and I'm no campaign funds collector, either."

"What a splendid giver you are," Miss Allen observed as the door closed behind them; "it would take her months to earn that much."

"Yes," added Delancey, "it will be of great assistance. The poor boy can use it to tip the porters on his way home—or buy souvenirs."

"I wish," the Rev. Simms-Sinclair said to Delancey as they went back to the car, "that you would permit me to run this machine a while. It seems to me that you are not getting half enough speed out of it. I drove Mr. Fairweather's forty-horse power Excelsior all summer, you know, and every minute is becoming precious."

Delancey took the seat beside Miss Allen in the tonneau, telling the reverend gentleman to go ahead and do the driving if he thought he would be an improvement.

It happened that a man in a buggy was coming down the street, for which reason McAdam jumped up beside

the rector, without waiting to file a protest. They were off with a series of irregular explosions, and before arriving at the next stopping place the Rev. Montgomery Simms-Sinclair had torn a wheel from a butcher's cart, upset an express wagon and smashed through a crate of geese, much to the delight of Miss Allen, who declared that it was perfectly splendid.

"Don't worry about the butcher," said Jabez McAdam. "I'll see that he gets a new outfit. Before I take another ride in this kind of a thing with a preacher at the helm, though, I'm goin' to find out about my heart. Say, reverend, would you mind bearin' down a bit on the slow pedal?"

The gentleman at the wheel evidently considered it beneath his dignity to reply, but, calling back to Delancey, he asked what time it was. It was eighteen minutes to 6. They still had three calls to make, and even with the best of luck the minister knew that he would not have a moment to spare. That couple must be married at 6 o'clock in order to be on time. He put on the high speed and swung around a corner so swiftly that Miss Allen had difficulty in keeping herself from being flung into Delancey's arms. After that they stopped in front of the home at which the turkey was to be left.

"Let me carry it," said Jabez McAdam as Ursula was handing out the bird.

"No," the rector protested, "this family belongs in my parish, and I must accompany Miss Allen with her gift. A spiritual blessing should go with the fowl."

While they were contending for possession of the turkey a policeman rushed upon them from nobody knew where, and grasping the Rev. Arthur Montgomery Simms-Sinclair by a shoulder informed that gentleman that he was under arrest for exceeding the speed limit.

"My good man," the rector argued, "you don't understand the situation. You see—"

"I know all about it," the officer in-

TO DIVERT at any time a troublesome fancy run to thy books. They presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.

—Folter.

Gossip of Books of the Day

SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRISTMAS

The War Has Had a Great Effect, Yet the Gift-giving Practice Should Not be Forgotten.

(By P. P.)

Christmas in the restricted sense is the festival of the Christian church observed annually on December 25, in memory of the birth of Christ and celebrated by a particular church service. The time when the festival was first observed is not known with certainty; but it is spoken of in the beginning of the third century by Clement of Alexandria, and in the latter part of the fourth century Chrysostom speaks of it as of great antiquity. At the day on which it was celebrated, there was long considerable diversity, but by the time of Chrysostom the western church had fixed on the 25th of December, though no certain knowledge of the day of Christ's birth existed. The eastern church, which previously had generally favored the 6th of January, gradually adopted the same date. Many believe that the existence of heathen festivals celebrated on or about this day had great influence on its being selected: the Brumalia, a Roman festival at the winter solstice, when the is, as it were, born anew, has been instances as having a long bearing on the question. The leaders of the early Christian church, probably considered it prudent to institute Christian holidays to take the place of the pagan festivals to which people were accustomed. In the man Catholic, Greek, Anglican and other churches, there is a special religious service for Christmas Day, contrary to the general rule, a Roman Catholic priest can celebrate mass on this day. Most other churches hold no special service, but almost everywhere throughout Christendom, Christmas Day is kept a holiday and an occasion for social and general enjoyment. It has always been customary for most people in Anglo-Saxon countries to regard the week between Christmas and New Year's Day as a holiday season. From time immemorial the Christmas holidays have been celebrated with feasting, and convivial pleasures, and festivities of every kind.

The Feast of St. Nicholas.

The feature of Christmas has always been the exchange of gifts and particularly the distribution of presents among children, from the Christmas tree, a small fir tree lighted up by means of tin candles of colored wax, or small Chinese lanterns ornamented with flags, tinsel ornaments, etc., and hung all over with gifts.

A legendary beneficent personage, the traditional Saint Nicholas, known to English-speaking children as Santa Claus, plays the leading part in the presentation of gifts to young people. The part taken by this mythical figure is the source of the fondest associations which surround Christmas for both young and old.

In the early days of Christianity boxes were placed in the churches for the reception of offerings, hence the term Christmas box, meaning a Christmas gift. Some time before the festival presents were deposited in these boxes, which were opened on Christmas Day, and their contents distributed by the priests on the morning, boxing day. From this practice arose the custom of bestowing Christmas gifts, but the legend of Santa Claus was derived from northern folk-lore. The fairy tale of Santa Claus visiting the homes of children in a sleigh loaded with gifts and drawn by reindeer, belongs to the zone of ice and snow. It is one of the most beautiful and endearing of legends. There is nothing in familiar life more charming than the simple faith of the days of childhood in the appealing legend of Santa Claus.

The War-Time Christmas.

Many customs, endeared to men by tender tradition and the associations of the past, cling to Christmas time, both on the churchly and secular side and in the domestic and social observances of the day. It is regrettable that the old-fashioned Christmas merry-making and the customs that bring back the past are gradually dropping into disuse. The observance of Christmas, as well as the other features of familiar life, is an amazing change has taken place in the last 25 years. The increasing complexity, civilization, with its greater strain and worry and its curtailment of leisure, and the growing cost of living, are cutting short the relaxation and festivities of life. Naturally the

war has had a great effect on the Christmas celebrations in Canada, as well as in all the countries engaged in the terrible conflict. In thousands of Canadian families the coming of Christmas has brought no feasting or gaiety of spirits, since the war began. In many homes where Christmas formerly a time of merry-making and indulgence in sumptuous repasts, there has not been even a Christmas, because husbands or sons are in the trenches. In homes where the war has made no gaps yet in the domestic circle, the spirit of economy and thrift has lessened the good cheer characteristic of Christmas in happier days, and restricted the festivities. The return of peace and abundance will be sure to bring a reaction.

A Time of Gifts.

Christmas, however, is still in the time of year especially devoted to generous thoughts and deeds. The war need not interfere with the heart-expanding custom of exchanging Christmas presents. It is not the value of the gift that makes it ac-

ceptable, it is the spirit in which it is bestowed.

The warm-hearted practice of giving one's friends pleasure by a gift cordially given is increasing, and nothing is more indicative of the growth of good will and human sympathy.

The Children's Day.

Christmas is always characterized by effort on the part of everyone to make the happiness of children complete on the day which seems to belong to them more than any other day in the year. Nothing is left undone to render Christmas the day of supreme happiness for the children. The little ones are surrounded by childish delights and pleasures from early in the morning until long past their customary bedtime at night. Children look forward to the coming of Christmas for weeks and their anticipations of the visit of Santa Claus and the varied pleasures of the day are almost as joyous as the realizations that the great day brings. There are very few children of any class for whom Christmas is not a day of pure delight. For those little ones who otherwise would not share in the pleasures of the day, a boundless Christmas charity provides. It is saddening to think that there are in the war zone many children whom charity will not be able to reach this season. Many people in Europe unhappily know what a real war Christmas means. In this country, while we know the tragedy, we have experienced as yet few of the privations of war.

Marriages and funerals, we are assured, were expensive, because of drink. Even in quiet Philadelphia, "kissing the bride and drinking punch seem to have been the leading features" of weddings. "Puritan funerals were accompanied with so much drinking that a law had to be passed to check the extravagance. At these, before the prayer, after it, and before the coffin was removed, 'spirit was handed round, not only to the mourners and bearers, but to the whole assembly'; and when the company returned from the grave more drink was afforded. Every function of life and of death seems to have required its oblations. 'One-fourth of the buildings of New Amsterdam, or New York, were tap-houses' (1648). 'Workmen were idle in spite of high wages, because they spent so much in tobacco and strong waters.' A Philadelphia mayor said (in 1821) that at tipping-houses and corner groceries 'liquor was sold by the cent's worth to children five years old and paid for often with stolen goods.' Perhaps 'the oldest American reference to rum is in the Massachusetts statute of 1657 prohibiting the sale of strong liquors, 'whether known by the name of rum, strong water, brandy, wine, etc.'"

FRANKLIN AS DISCLOSED IN HIS WRITINGS

Bruce, William Cabell. Benjamin Franklin Self-Revealed. A biographical and Critical Study Based Mainly on His Own Writings. In two volumes.

"The many-sided Franklin" he was called by Paul Leicester Ford, and of Franklin's many sides various writers have treated in separate essays. Here are two volumes which, with literary finish, careful accuracy, and critical insight, consider every side of this remarkable man. They abound in citations from Franklin's writings, especially his private letters, and thus reveal his personality as no mere biographical pages could. He was an inveterate letter-writer; the wonder grows constantly how a man so busy, with such a variety of matters, often of great importance, could possibly pen so many epistles as came from his hand.

In Volume I are dissected and revealed his moral standing and system to his discredit; his religious beliefs, which were broad; his philanthropy and citizenship, which were even broader; his family relations, which were generous; his American friends, his British friends, numerous and influential. In Volume II, with microscopic minuteness, we are shown his personal characteristics, and our study of him continues as a man of business, as a statesman, as a man of science, and as a writer. He must have been "many-sided," indeed, whose life and experiences could be thus classified and considered in such a manner; and at such length with such entertaining illumination.

The popular repute of Benjamin Franklin has been largely limited to "Poor Richard." His economic precepts were wise, to be sure; but there did not bound his intellectual horizon.

HOW FREELY DID OUR FOREFATHERS DRINK

"At the time when America was settled," says Mr. Peeke on the first page of his unusual volume entitled "The Favorite Tipttle of Our Forefathers and the Laws and Customs Relating Thereto," "no European people drank water as we do today for a constant beverage. An exhaustive review appears in the current number of The Literary Digest. The English drank ale, the Dutch beer, the French and Spanish light wines, for every-day use. Hence it seemed to the Colonists a dangerous experiment to drink water in the New World." What the conditions were then, in society, in politics, and in trade, and what changes have come since that time, we are here entertainingly told. Not, apparently, as a temperance propaganda, although Mr. Peeke's father, as he confides in his modest foreword, was a preacher "whose vote followed his prayers"; and the son's pages were "not written to prove any theory or fact except the growth of sentiment in the last two centuries against the liquor traffic." This growth, marvelous in its extent, they certainly do prove, on the authority of many writers, none of whom are named, and after research which, he states, "represents the culling of some four hundred volumes." The very manner of the book's publication relieves it of propagandist appearance. Only "100 copies of this edition have been printed for sale and the type distributed."

The Dutch colonists wherever they were, the Puritans in New England, and even the Quakers of Pennsylvania drank freely, though differently. The first were given to beer; the second inclined to hard cider; the third, says this author, "were mighty drinkers in their sober fashion, consuming vast quantities of ale and spirits." Referring again to the second class, Mr. Peeke tells us that "President John Adams was an early and earnest wisher for temperance reform; but, to the end of his life, he drank a large tankard of hard cider every morning. It was free in every farm-house to all travelers and tramps." Even in the regions most given to beer, cider was largely made; and, whether by beer or cider, or stronger liquors, drunkenness came to be wide-spread. Then followed attempts to curtail it through legislation and otherwise.

Virginia's Governor, Yeardley, in 1625, seems to have been the first executive to undertake these attempts under instructions from English authority, although the first Virginia assembly had earlier sought legislative relief on its own account. Fines for drunkenness were imposed; and more serious punishment was inflicted at Boston, where a man was compelled to stand "with a white sheet of paper on his back, whereon Drunkard" was written in great letters; and on another occasion, he was disfranchised.

and stigmatized with a red-letter D, "sett upon white"—which may have been earlier than Hawthorne's "scarlet letter," worn for another reason.

The whipping-post "was the common corrector of drunkenness," and "a sufficient sign of drunkenness" was "when the same legs which carry a man into the house can not bring him out again." Anti-drinking laws were widely enacted. Virginia and New Jersey declared liquor debts uncollectible by law. Several of the colonies forbade workmen to be paid in liquor. And it sounds queerly to read that "in Massachusetts, in 1764, the law required that all who bought liquor should render an account of it except State officers, professors, and students of Harvard College, and preachers of the Gospel."

Virginia had a statute making it an offense for a minister to appear drunk in his pulpit on Sunday; and in addition it was legislatively declared that ministers should not "give themselves to excess in drinking or riot, spending their time idly by day or by night, playing at dice, cards, or any unlawful game, but at all times convenient they shall hear or read somewhat of the Holy Scriptures." And this was a century or more after Virginia's Governor had sought to curtail drinking among the laity. Long before this, in New England, "lists of names of common drunkards were given to landlords in some towns, and landlords were warned not to sell liquor to them."

College professors were well known to be drinkers, even though sent out from London by bishops. In one Southern institution, runs the record, "the president might have brought charges against the clergy for their flagrant drunkenness, but he refrained, being himself a notorious drunkard"; and this was down as late as the days of Jefferson and Monroe. At one time the butler in Yale sold cider and strong beer to students there. A steward of Harvard College kept the first tavern in Cambridge, when "licenses to keep houses of entertainment were granted with the conditions that the tavern must be near the meeting-house"—although "the general court of Massachusetts passed a law requiring all inn-keepers within a mile of any meeting-house to clear their houses 'during the hours of the exercise.'" For one kind of church function a special drink was brewed, "called ordination beer"; but something stronger seems to have been drunk at some ordinations, as one bill for entertaining visitors at one tavern was indorsed, "This is all paid for except the Minister's Rum." Items of this bill lead one to wonder if the word "Rum" covered all those thirty-three toddies and bitters, flips and punches, not to mention "11 bottles of wine and 1 pint," which made up a good or a bad part of it.

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corrupted. "The whole force has been ordered to look out for you people. Does any of your friends want to come along to the station?"

Seeing that the case was hopeless, the clergyman got into the tonneau with the officer and, bidding Miss Allen a sorrowful good-by, they left her with the righteously McAdam and the bundles.

On the way to the police station the Rev. Arthur Montgomery Shime-Sinclair happened to place one of his feet on something soft and bulky. Reaching down, he clutched a large wad of bills.

"Hello!" he cried to Delancey. "Look at this, McAdam's roll!"

The automobile was brought to a sudden stop, and after negotiations that were brief but satisfactory to all parties the officer got out, wishing his former prisoners a Merry Christmas.

III

JAMES had often thought of running for Congress. He was a member of it now, but force of habit is strong. "The law," he observed with satisfaction as he eyed the dwindling lights of the automobile, "has got to come down just as hard on the just as on the unjust. That's what democracy means, and it's according to the Bible, too."

Ursula, with something between a shiver and a shrug, began picking up the packages at her feet.

"Never mind about them," said Jabez. "I'll get a cab in a minute."

"We'll take the street car, if you please," said Miss Allen. If her voice was as cold as that, no wonder she shivered. She seemed to try to thaw it out a little as she went on.

"They run right near Miss Biggs' house—and there's one coming now. Oh no, those things aren't heavy. I'm leaving the goose for you." She was already crossing the street. Jabez and the goose followed hesitantly.

The car was slowing down for them. "We'd better take a cab after all," pleaded Jabez. "This seems pretty rough."

She looked at him in cold surprise. "That's exactly what it is," she answered, and the conductor helped her up the step.

They were hardly seated when a man in a tan overcoat leaned across the aisle and tapped our hero confidentially on the knee.

"Isn't your name Jabez McAdam?" he asked.

"You've made a mistake this time," said Jabez over his shoulder. "You need another guess."

"I've got it coming," said the other, darkly, and he walked to the forward platform, which was crowded with people.

Jabez looked nervously after him, and uncertainly at Miss Allen. She looked serenely out of the opposite window of the car.

"You certainly can't be evading the clutches of the law?" said Miss Allen.

"Why, it's nothing," said Jabez. "A pack of busybodies want to muddle in my private affairs. And you wouldn't believe the way they've hounded me. I have to dodge a constable on every street corner. They've made it impossible for me to tend to necessary business. But I had to come in to see you, Miss Allen, or—can you see what that fellow is doing on the front platform?"

"He seems to be talking to a friend of his," said Ursula, "and now the other man is looking in through the window."

"At me?" demanded Jabez.

Ursula glanced over his shoulder.

pursed her lips judiciously.

"I think so," she said.

Jabez turned to look, then thought he wouldn't.

"And now," continued Ursula, "they're coming back into the car."

"Good-by," yelled Jabez. The door stuck, as car doors will. When the man in the tan overcoat got it open Jabez was gone. Looking eagerly out of the window, Ursula thought she saw a man scuttling like a scared cat up a dark little cross street; she thought she saw him take a header over an ash barrel half submerged in an old snow bank, but she could not be sure.

Then she turned back and began gathering up what she could find of Mrs. Biggs' Christmas dinner. She was so busy at this and so intent on ignoring the thirty-two pairs of eyes which were trying to bore holes in her that she was



"I've come back," he said. "I wanted to speak to you, so I came back."

unaware that the conductor had come in and was standing over her.

"Fare, please," he said coldly. "And," he added, "if that gent that just skipped out was wid-you, you kin pay for him, too."

Ursula began tumbling over the things in her lap.

"I'm"—in a sort of gasp—"I'm afraid," she said, "that I must have left my purse in the automobile."

The conductor was not at all amiable.

"It makes no odds to the company where you left it," he began. "Here, please, now."

But at this moment a man who had been riding on the front platform with a turkey came back into the car.

"Here's your 10 cents," he said, and sat in the vacant place beside Miss Allen.

"I was taking this bird out to Mrs. Callahan's," he observed in his prosaic way as he tucked it between his feet. "I'm glad I happened to be on the case."

It was Jones.

"I'm glad, too," said Ursula.

We now return to the man who fell over the ash barrel. McAdam, for it was indeed he, was not hurt, for the barrel was covered with a heap of last week's snow, shoveled up there from the street. He quickly decided that for the moment he was safest where he was. He crouched down in the snow behind the barrel, "with" listening ear, as a single speare says, waiting for the chance to go by. Two, three, five minutes passed, nothing of the sort happened. Only the snow, in which he nestled snugly, grew around him, became a few inches fast, why sticky. Perhaps the patrol was abandoned, or perhaps there was some accident. The street was empty. He would try to get out.

seen at first but the crowd hurrying along the well-lighted avenue where the cars ran. But when he looked again he had the doubtful satisfaction of seeing two dim figures—one unmistakably in a tan overcoat—lounging in an entry near the corner. They didn't seem to mind waiting.

McAdam sagaciously reflected that if they remained so cheerfully at this end of the street it must be because they knew there was no way for him to get out the other. Perhaps they would give him up eventually, but in the meantime—How warm and dry Delancey



"I've come back," he said. "I wanted to speak to you, so I came back."

and the Rev. Arthur must be in the comfortable police station!

Suddenly he straightened up.

"Shucks!" he murmured, "it's Christmas eve. They'll be glad of a little peace and good will on their own account. I'll put it strong—say two hundred apiece." He reached back to his hip pocket, where his joydispenser, still obese, unimpaired by the stray leaves which had fluttered from it that evening, should have reposed. You know what had become of it. McAdam, happily for him, did not. He paddled around in the snow in search of it, then gave it up and collected from his various pockets his total cash resources. They came to \$2.55. Would the constable accept his promise to pay? He was inclined to think not.

HE UTTERED a sigh of despair, for without that friendly bulge in his hip pocket he felt forsaken indeed, when his eye chanced on a lighted window across the street. "J. Schoonhoven" was printed on it, "Wigs and Costumes." And then his eye lighted with hope. "Saved!" he murmured.

Snatching his chance when a fire engine went tearing down the avenue—on its way, no doubt, to some premature Santa Claus affair in a Christmas tree—he crossed the street and into the shop. "I'm going to a party tonight," he said to the young man in charge. "I want to wear something neat and hand some—that'll keep my friends from knowing me."

Ordinarily, McAdam had only to nod to command respect, but fumbling over an ash barrel, staying in his crouching position for an hour on the street, had made him a good deal less majestic. At least he did not overmaster the clerk.

"About what price?" he asked, with something about twoside.

The Rev. Arthur and Delancey reached

the Allens' house at exactly 8 o'clock, simultaneously with six little girls from across the street. In the hall they encountered Ursula. She bundled the little girls off upstairs.

"And I must be off, too," she said. "We're just this minute up from dinner. We were dreadfully late getting home, and I have to dress. I wish I had time to hear how you two got out of jail."

"We didn't find it necessary to accompany the officer to the station—" began the Rev. Arthur coolly. "We—"

"I'll hear all about it later," she interrupted. "Now run along and help Jones with the Christmas tree in the music-room; you know—"

"Ah, Mr. Jones is here," said Delancey. "Has Mr. McAdam—"

"Mr. Jones dined here," said Ursula, turning toward the stairs. "You must help him get through with the tree, because he has to dress. He is going to be my Santa Claus, you know."

My Santa Claus, as they had known she regarded it in just that light they would have fought for the part themselves. Well, it was too late now.

So they went to the music-room to the usual occupation of "helping Jones." But Jones said they could do nothing for him; indeed his expression of face

was so vivacious when they all but set fire to the tree with a cigarette that they retired in good order to the great hall.

"Think of him dining here in his morning coat," observed Delancey.

"He makes himself useful," said the Rev. Arthur. So they stood where they commanded a view of the great front door, lazily looked over the new arrivals and waited for Ursula's reappearance on the scene to make it worth while taking part.

James stood by the big door bravely admitting the guests. The bell rang downstairs where he could not hear it, but a footfall on the porch or the crunching of a carriage in the drive told him when anyone was coming. So he was a good deal surprised, not to say startled, at hearing without any preliminary sound whatever a faint knock at the door.

He opened it a little way, and was still more surprised at seeing no one there. Then, as he was about to close it again, he was startled by a hoarse whisper.

"Open the door. Let me in." Opening wider, he made out a dark figure with a venerable beard in the shadow of the doorway. This was scandalous.

"Be off, now!" he said severely. No beggars allowed!

"Beggars!" said the hoarse voice, as though something were choking it. "I'm friend of Miss Allen's. Stand aside, please, and let me in quick! They'll see me in a minute!"

"You look like a friend of hers! You do, indeed! Come, be off, now, or I'll turn you over to the police."

"I'm her Santa Claus. That's why I'm dressed this way," shouted the applicant furiously, but not forgetting caution so far as to come out into the light.

"You're drunk," said James, advancing into the dark, courageously intent on flinging the intruder off the porch.

It was a false move. Disreputable he looked, drunk he might be, but the unknown was certainly quick. Before James had fairly got clear of the door he had shot past him into the vestibule.

The light revealed the full horror of the man. A greasy red cotton flannel shirt, bagged tufts of white along the edges; red worsted tights, of which the legs and the letter; a pair of yellow old shoes, worn and muddied, and over his head and shoulders a tangle of frosty white hair. And this hideous

Heavily prefigured Santa Claus! Here was the saint of Christmas!

Upon this blasphemous parody James sprang with a cry of horror. But the parody was more than he bargained for; that was evident in less than five seconds. However, re-enforcements were at hand. The Rev. Arthur rushed to the rescue, and a little behind came Delancey.

The door stood wide open. The scuffle was plainly to be seen from the street, and two men, one in a tan overcoat, were rushing across the lawn, intent on taking a hand of their own in the affair. Altogether it was lively while it lasted. But it was short.

As the two men from outside dashed up the steps the big door swung to with a click, and Jones, who had closed it, said in his quiet way:

"Get up! Get up! Don't you know his voice? It's McAdam."

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THEY scrambled to their feet. It is safe to say that unless they knew his voice they could hardly have recognized him. The disguise by now, at least, was effective.

They looked at him aghast. Then, as they heard Ursula's step on the stairs, James, with, as Shakespeare says, "one auspicious and one drooping eye," helped him to his feet.

Jabez pulled off his wig and dragged it on the floor. He tugged impotently at his beard.

"The damned thing won't come off," he said with something like a sob. "It's glued on!"

Ursula stood before him. Pretty much every one else in the house was there,

too, for the sound of the scuffle had been audible all over it, but his experience of the last two hours had reduced him to his element. There was an epic simplicity about him. He saw only Ursula.

"I've come back," he said. "I wanted to speak to you, so I came back—"

"Come in here," said Ursula. She led him through the crowd into a little reception-room and closed the door after her.

Jones herded the mob back into the drawing-rooms. James went back and opened the door again, looking, except as to his eyes, as though nothing had happened. But the Rev. Arthur and P. Wilmering remained frozen where they stood and gazed at each other.

This is what was happening behind the closed door:

"Before you say anything to me, Mr. McAdam, I want to ask for your good wishes," said Ursula.

"My good wishes!" he echoed.

She held out her hands and he saw that she wore no rings but one solitaire brilliant upon a third finger.

It was a moment before he comprehended.

"So my account is closed out," he said. "I wasn't in time to cover my margins after all."

"It wasn't a matter of time," said Ursula, blushing a little, "but you do give me your good wishes, don't you?"

"All of 'em," he said, shaking hands.

"Can I have a cup of coffee?"

After he had had it he felt enough better to look up his two rivals. He found them at last, in an obscure corner of the great hall, gloomily, he would have said, watching the festivities in the drawing-room.

There was a complex tangle of emotions to be read in his face, but a smile of pure good humor dominated it.

He had not asked Ursula which of them was the successful one. At the time he hadn't cared. But now he was puzzled to, as it were, pick the winner. Whichever he was, he looked exactly as the other must feel.

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WELL," said Jabez with what cheerfulness he could muster, "which one of you fellows do I congratulate?"

"What?" shouted the Rev. Arthur.

"What?" echoed Delancey.

"Whose ring is it she's wearing?" demanded Jabez. "One of you ought to know."

"Not I," said the Rev. Arthur. Again echo answered:

"Not I."

And then a sickening silence enveloped them.

In the drawing-room the tide of fun was rising steadily. Expectation stood at tiptoe. It was nearly time for the Christmas tree. For the moment the leaders of the merriment had disappeared. Ursula and Jones were nowhere to be seen.

Weren't they, though?

Suddenly Jabez laid compelling hands on the other two. They turned and followed his look.

There were two figures in the dark—the almost dark-recess at the far end of the hall. This was a children's party, but these weren't children.

And then, in a moment, Jabez, the Rev. Arthur and Mr. P. Wilmering Delancey knew where Jones had hung the mistletoe.

"I'm going to get out of this," said Wilmering.

"I think I must be going myself," said the Rev. Arthur.

"I can't go," said Jabez.

"My car is here," said Delancey. "We could make a dash—"

"I never could get out to it," said Jabez. "They're watching for me on the sidewalk."

"Possibly," hesitated the Rev. Arthur, "if I were to go first—on—dressed in such a manner as to create a diversion—"

"Reverend!" exclaimed Jabez; "you're a brick!" He opened a door that happened to be at hand. "I guess we can change clothes in here," he said.

Five minutes later Jones and Ursula came upon the product of the metamorphosis.

"But you need the wig to make you complete," said Jones. "Here it is."

The Rev. Arthur had put his hand to the plow. He had put on the wig.

Delancey returned from a momentary sortie to the carriage drive.

"My man has the motor going," he reported, "and there isn't snow enough to bother us. We can be off in a minute."

The Rev. Arthur shook hands with Ursula, walked into the vestibule, and James let him out into the night.

From a window they watched him as he vaulted the low fence and sped down the street, pursued by a volcanic figure in a tan overcoat.

"Now!" cried Ursula. "Now is your time! Oh, don't stop. Good luck! Merry Christmas to all of you!"

They were gone. Jones alone remained at her side—only Jones!

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WHY MARRY?

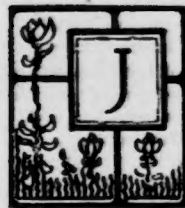
Written by H. L. Gates from the play

By Jesse Lynch Williams

Illustrated by F. McInelly

SYNOPSIS

ON THE advice of her sister-in-law, Jean Mason induces Rex Baker to propose. Rex had been a devoted admirer of Jean's sister Helen, who had been sent abroad to outline "the episode"—the staying overnight at the research laboratory while perfecting a new antitoxin with Dr. Hamilton. After Helen returns she begs her sister not to marry Baker, knowing her affections are centered elsewhere.



JEAN was on the defensive again.

"It wouldn't be fair—neither to him nor to me. It will take him so long to get started at his profession. It costs so much, and he has so little. A man who

has to hew out his own career, like he will have to—why, he won't be able to marry until he is 40. And when Robert is 40, Helen—I'll be 40 also."

Helen looked sadly at the younger girl, trying to decide how to convince her that she had best follow the dictates of her heart rather than those of her restlessness.

Suddenly Jean broke into tears.

"Oh, Helen," she sobbed, relaxing into her sister's arms, "when Rex caught me, and kissed me, I shut my eyes and tried to think it was Bob! But that isn't the worst." The younger girl dropped her eyes—as if her confession shamed her. "When he held me close to him and pressed his warm lips against mine until I could not escape responding, and when I couldn't get away, I began to forget Bob—to forget the real love and lend myself to the false!"

"I can never forgive myself—never honor myself again! I feel as if I were a Magdalene. And all this time I know he does not want me at all—he wants you. He does not love me; he loves only you! I trapped him into it—I deliberately, wantonly trapped him into it! I must escape some way—I don't know how!"

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WHATEVER of advice the older girl might have given the suffering Jean was interrupted by Rex himself, who had driven his car to the garden gate, and, in motor coat and cap, came up the walk, calling:

"Are you ready for the spin, Jean?"

Jean would have run into the house, her first impulse being to escape and keep Rex from seeing traces of her tears. But Rex stopped her with a laughing warning:

"You had better come as you are, and not go in there. As I came along the walk

I heard your cousin, the Reverend Theodore, and your brother John having a fine, old-fashioned family row with your uncle, the judge. I think the parson and the judge must have just arrived from the city."

Helen started! "A row with Uncle Everett? What about?"

"I did not stop to listen, of course," said Rex, "but I could not help hearing as I passed the window the parson saying, evidently to the judge, 'Marriage is a splendid social institution.' I gather from that they are arguing as to the holiness of the bonds of matrimony. Suppose we get away, Jean, before they bring their row out here."

As Jean turned to leave with Rex for the promised spin Helen stopped her long enough to whisper, anxiously: "You will do what I think is best, won't you? You will tell Rex you were mistaken?"

But something had banished Jean's remorse. She evaded her sister's eyes as she turned again toward where the young man was waiting, and spoke harshly:

"I can't. They're saying in there that marriage is a splendid social institution. And besides, it's the only profession there is for anyone like me. I'll have to follow it, I guess."

Before Helen could reply the younger girl was gone, tripping down the walk to where the car was waiting with simulated gaiety, hand in hand with Rex.

Helen looked after her hungrily, then,

when the pair had disappeared, she went slowly into the house.

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CHAPTER II

The Judge's Bombshell.

WHEN Judge Mason, an uncle of the girls and a jurist of distinction, who venerated his innate amusement with the world's vanities with a blanket of genial cynicism, responded to his nephew's invitation to a week-end visit, he brought with him news that seriously disturbed the equanimity of the household. It was the announcement that he and his wife, who had been his companion through all the years of his rise from an impecunious young barrister, had mutually agreed to a divorce. He announced the breaking up of his own home with apparently much less concern than he would have discussed a sharp change in the weather.

His nephew John, Mrs. Mason and their cousin, the Reverend Theodore, literally drove him from the house into the garden in the excitement of their consternation at the domestic tragedy. One after the other they plied him with questions.

"But, Uncle Everett, hasn't Julia always been a good wife to you?" Theodore, the cousin, asked with almost ludicrous earnestness.

"Quite so, quite so," agreed the judge pleasantly. "Always a good wife, Theodore—in fact, I might say a very excellent wife."

"And always a devoted mother to your children, Uncle Everett?" pleaded Mrs. Mason.

"You are quite right, Lucy; always a devoted mother to our mutual children."

"She has always obeyed you, Uncle Everett?" asked John, who prided himself upon the discipline with which he governed his own household.

"Yes, John," the judge assured him with frank acknowledgment, "Julia always obeyed her lord—a true, old-fashioned woman, John."

In his mental search for a solution the minister, Cousin Theodore, became reminiscent.

"She always was a great help to me in the parish, Uncle Everett. Always the most willing to give—of her hands, her heart or her pocketbook."

The judge would not allow himself to be outdone in tribute to the wife who was about to be separated from him.

"I should say, indeed, that she was an earnest worker in the vineyard, Theodore," he assured the minister. "In fact, I should say she was in all respects a most model female."

The inconsistency of this frank appraisal with the fact that he contemplated their separation with such lack of feeling was too much for the judge's questioners. In one voice, almost, they bore down upon him with the question:

"Then why, why do you want a divorce?"

To such a pertinent question the judge could give only a clinching answer. He did—to his mind.

"Because, hang it all, I don't like her, and—hang it all, she doesn't like me, either!"

The Reverend Theodore, wagging his head sagely, as if he, at least, must be fair to both his relatives, interposed:

"Ah, yes, I suppose there has been fault upon both sides, but—"

"There have been no faults on either side," interrupted the judge; "positively no faults at all. Both of us have been patterns of Christian fortitude in all things. We still are. Here, I'll read you

"I'd think you'd be ashamed, a big town-mox like you believin' in that silly stuff about Santa Claus yet. Fine, bright boy you are. Ha, ha!" and Wiggins laughed smotheringly as he thrust Jimmie from him.

The boy, crimson under the butler's taunts and confused by the sudden and disastrous enlightenment he had received, nevertheless maintained enough presence of mind to kick Wiggins on the other shin before he dodged through the swinging doors and into the safety of the hall.

Throughout the evening, when he was swept into his father's arms, when he sat beside the great man at dinner, he was preoccupied. He looked sharply at Uncle James when that young bachelor betook himself away before the last course had been brought on.

Jimmie had begun to see the light, but he wouldn't let on. Uncle James said he would be back after Santa Claus had gone. He said Santa Claus didn't like him, and that besides he had to see a girl. Jimmie knew very well that he was only going to his apartments, two squares away, to do something about this Santa Claus business.

So active was the boy's mind that he answered his father's questions indifferently and was scolded therefor by his mother.

Senators came home three times a year anyway, and Christmas came but once, Jimmie reasoned, and this mystery was too great to have a rival in even a father.

He was going to work this thing out himself before Santa Claus had gone.

After dinner Blanche, his mother's maid, took him upstairs and washed and dressed him. He tried pumping Blanche as to the truth about Santa Claus, but women didn't know anything. Blanche was a "stone-head," he decided, appropriating the epithet from a harangue Fatty Morris had delivered to his distant teacher's back one day last week.

Downstairs in the library he knew the older folks were fixing up the tree. Let them have their fun and think they were fooling him. He'd show them before the evening was over that he knew more than any of them. He had heard enough to be pretty sure, and then Wiggins had given the whole trick away. Jimmie grew madder and madder and twisted Blanche's thumb delightedly when occasion offered.

Finally he was led downstairs and into the parlor.

As he passed across the hall he saw his father switch off the light in the library and come out, shutting the door.

"Now in a few minutes, Jimmie," said his father, "Santa Claus will come. You remember how he always comes, don't you?"

"Yes, papa," said Jimmie, throwing himself into his old part with all the confidence of an actor who knows he can convince his audience. "Pretty soon we'll hear the sleigh bells tinkling on the front porch, then we'll hear Santa Claus holler 'Whoa, Daunder; whoa, Blitzen!' and then he'll run around the house and get in the library somehow, and after a while he'll ring a bell and we'll all go back there, and he'll give us our presents right off a big tree. And then after a while he'll go away and get in his sleigh and drive off."

"Why, you remember it just like it always is, Jimmie-boy," his father said.

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AS SOON as his mother was playing on the piano and the senator and Tom were talking, Jimmie snickered sardonically in his sleeve. Parents were a whole lot easier to fool than the fellows.

When the sleigh bells a few minutes later did burst forth upon the front porch and a great stamping of feet

sounded on the flooring, Jimmie exhibited an excitement that was not all feigned for the satisfaction of his parents. Jimmie had a plan. He was perfecting it as Santa went around the house to the library window, and when he thought the old gentleman had been given sufficient time in which to effect an entrance, he sprang to his feet.

"Oh, mamma; oh, papa, I've forgot something. I've got a present for you both and for Tom upstairs, hid away, and I

Behind a chair Jimmie knelt, watching intently, his eyes snapping.



want to get it before we go in where the tree and Santa Claus is, 'cause I want to give it to you there."

"All right, sonny," said Jimmie's mother; "hurry up!"

Jimmie sped, upstairs, across the house, gleeful in the success of his subterfuge, down the back stairs, through the kitchen and out carefully into the hall. He listened at the library door. There was no light to be seen through the crack. He could hear some one stirring inside. Gently he opened the door. It swung back noiselessly, far enough to let him steal through. There was Santa Claus a great robed and furred and whiskered fellow. But he wasn't at the tree. He held one of the tiny candles in his hand. He was bending over the senator's desk, doing something with some keys. Now and then he glanced around at the door leading to the dining-room and to the one opening into the hall. His face was a false face, Jimmie saw. Just like it had been last year, and the year before that, only then Jimmie had thought it real.

Uncle James! How could he have fooled as big a boy as Jimmie had been last year!

The boy crouched low in the shadow. Santa Claus took a present, evidently, out of a drawer in the desk, put it inside his great furry coat, and turned to the tree. Swiftly he lit the candles. The room grew lighter and brighter, until with the fire to the last candle on top it was gleaming.

Behind a chair Jimmie knelt, watch-

ing intently, his eyes snapping. He would fix Uncle James and all the rest of them when he got them in the room. He waited until the pretended Santa Claus was behind the tree, tying on the last of the presents. Then he slipped noiselessly back into the hall and sped upstairs, across, and was racing down the front treads when he heard the bell tinkling in the library.

out. Jimmie shrieked: "Well, Wiggins! then, I know there wasn't any Santa Claus!"

But what a strange thing Wiggins did—not at all the way Jimmie expected even a play Santa Claus to do. The unmasked butler was striving to point a revolver at the senator, clawing at the clinging Jimmie as he did so. But Jimmie, transfixed in the strangeness of his

new sensations, held on to the fur coat with a death grip. He was in Wiggins' way, and his brother Tom, springing across from the left, bore both Jimmie and Wiggins to the floor, while his mother's scream shrilled in Jimmie's ears.

The senator's hands tore him away and tossed him back, while the senator himself cast his 200 pounds upon Wiggins' prostrate form.

After that everything was badly mixed up for Jimmie. He knew that his mother was holding him very tight, that his father and brother were tying Wiggins' hands and feet, and that the senator was pulling a bulky paper out of Wiggins' heavy coat. He saw his brother Tom dash out of the house with the words, "Uncle James!" on his lips.

The senator's face was fiery red and he said things that made Jimmie's mother put her hands over the lad's ears. But Jimmie managed to slip an ear out and to hear that which made him admire his father more than Snipe Crockett of the alley.

Wiggins was begging, pleading that it was his first slip, and it was all them Germans' fault, offering him, a poor man, so much money for some papers that wouldn't harm anyone.

Soon Tom was back, bringing the word that Uncle James was all right—just knocked out with a blow on the head and that a doctor was on his way. Tom said that Wiggins had gone over to Uncle James' apartment as Uncle James was putting on the Santa Claus suit and had pretended to put a forgotten present into the pack. While Uncle James was getting into the heavy coat Wiggins had struck him on the head with something. That was all Uncle James remembered.

Just then a man with a black mustache came in, and the senator wrung his hand and told him that he had something besides the papers for him—a spy! A German agent!

Mr. Saunders whistled and looked astonished and wanted to know all about it.

So the senator went over it again and took Jimmie in his arms.

Mr. Saunders, who, the senator explained, was a detective, patted Jimmie on the head and told him he was a good boy. After which he put the papers in his inside pocket, took some shiny circles of steel out of his outside pocket, put them on Wiggins' wrists, and led the ashamed-looking butler out of the door, jerking the shining circles briskly and making Wiggins step along quickly.

Jimmie felt a great rush of pride and elation flow to his head. He felt very big.

"Kick his shins!" he screamed after Mr. Saunders; then capering spiritedly, he dashed 'round and 'round the table, in imitation of a big horse in a circus, with all the little boys watching.

His parents made no move to stop him. The senator was hugging his wife.

Jimmie began yelling, "There ain't no Santa Claus! There ain't no Santa Claus! But we had Christmas and Fourth o' July all to one't." And he kept repeating this with varying inflections and accents as he raced about the room brandishing his toys for some little time.

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"Oh, mamma! I can't find the present!" he shrieked. "It's gone!"

"Never mind, Jimmie," said the senator, throwing him up onto his shoulder and leading the family assault upon the Christmas-room. In at the door they came. Santa was bowing and scraping before the tree, motioning them nearer, feigning execrable laughter, bobbing about in the cheeriest fashion.

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JUST like Uncle Jim always did," said Jimmie to himself, delighting in his secret cunning.

Not a word spoke the saint, passing the white parcels to their new owners with the most gracious of sign-language compliments.

Jimmie acted his part nobly, shrieking gayly over a magnificent toy battleship and roaring lustily in glee at a wonderful electric train.

But he was watching the masked Uncle James shrewdly. Soon his time came, for Santa, with exaggerated bows, began to throw kisses, in evident preparation for an exit. Now Jimmie's long-awaited time had come, and with a yell of triumph he sprang upon the scraping saint.

"You're Uncle James! You're Uncle James! Not Santa Claus at all! There ain't no Santa Claus! You're a cheat, Uncle James!"

Santa Claus staggered back in pretended horror, but Jimmie, bounding high, caught on his thick coat and clambered higher, like a cat, finding a kneehold on the pillowed abdomen of the man. One clutch and the false face, the whiskers, the red cap with its attached hair came off!

The ghastly face of Wiggins stared

"unbelieving folks a telegram I just received from Julia."

A telegram from Julia! From whom he was about to be divorced, and who already had gone to Reno to begin the legal proceedings! The judge's relatives were stupefied.

"Yes, from Aunt Julia, in Reno," he assured them. "She's not used to traveling without me, you know; she knew I'd worry, and all that sort of thing. Thoughtful of her, wasn't it? And she has sent me a night letter. Much cheaper, you know. Your Aunt Julia always was a frugal wife. Besides, she never could say anything in only ten words. Never! Let me read it. She says: 'Arrived safely. Charming rooms, overlooking a beautiful little river that runs right through the town. Plenty of air and sunlight. Our case on the court docket for March 15. Wish you were here to enjoy the trip with me. Sure you would be interested in the other women here on Divorce row. All overdressed and underbred. Write soon. With love, your JULIA.'"

"Isn't that a nice message? From a wife who's suing for divorce? You happily married people couldn't beat that, now could you?" The judge patted the telegram tenderly as he put it into his pocket.

His nephew John, who, being a practical business man, could not understand any situation in which there was not an element of trade—something coming in for something going out—pleaded for an explanation.

"If there is no other man she's interested in, and there's no other woman you've been fooling with in your old age, why what the deuce is it all about? I'm your nephew; Lucy, here, is your niece-in-law anyway, and Theodore here is your cousin. I think we have a right to know."

The judge assumed a judicial air.

"Well, let us sum the matter up," he argued. "Your Aunt Julia likes her

beefsteak well done; I like mine rare—not cooked through, you know, nor yet too much underdone—just cooked so much and no more. We never could agree on our beefsteak. She likes one window open in the bedroom at night—just about four inches, or perhaps four and a half—I like to have all the windows open all the way. She likes to stay at home; I like to travel. She loves the opera and hates the theater; I hate the opera and love the theater. She likes her nephews better than her nieces, and I much prefer our nieces to our nephews."

This was too much for Cousin Theodore. It seemed, to him, so unreasonable.

"Stop!" he protested indignantly. "Aren't you willing to make a few little sacrifices for each other? Haven't you enough character for that? All husbands and wives, especially when they have been such for as long as you two, should be willing each to give way a little for the other."

"Why, bless your heart, we have been making sacrifices for twenty-five years—a quarter of a century! I remember the first dinner we had together, after we were pronounced man and wife. 'Darling,' I asked my blushing bride, 'do you like tutti frutti ice cream?' I adore it.

dearest,' she murmured. I hated it, but nobly sacrificed myself and gave her tutti frutti ice cream, and gained character every evening of our honeymoon! Then when our honeymoon was over and we settled down in our little home my darling gave me tutti frutti and indigestion twice a week until I nearly died!"

"But why in the world didn't you tell her?" asked Mrs. Mason.

"I did," the judge declared triumph-

unconvincing. After a most judicial pause, during which he appeared to be turning over in his mind some further contribution to the solution of the mystery, he suddenly announced:

"I will confess; I might as well. For more than twenty years I—your Uncle Everett—have broken my marriage vow!"

There was consternation at the judge's solemn announcement. John, Lucy and Theodore were aghast. The genial judge waited for comments, and realizing at last there would be none, his statement being too much a thing not to be discussed, started his three relatives with one which he seemed to think would bring forth some questioning:

"And it is not only I who have done this thing," he said, "but your Aunt Julia as well!"

Theodore was up in arms in an in-

amount to anyway? Just a place to leave your wife?"

Lucy was ruffled immediately. There was just a bit too much of that sentiment that struck close to home.

"Of course," she exclaimed, "it doesn't matter about the women—the poor wife who is left at home."

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TO Theodore, the minister, it was a horrible thing—this severance of the home ties between these two elderly people.

"Think, Uncle Everett," he earnestly admonished, "marriages are made in heaven—and whom God has joined together—"

"Ah," said the judge, "but ours was not made in heaven. It was made on the beach—by a very pretty parasol. You see, Julia is pale, but on that fatal day, twenty-five years ago, the pink parasol, not God, made her rosy and irresistible. I did the rest—with the aid of a clergyman, whom I tipped even more liberally than the waiter who served us the despicable tutti frutti. So, you see, it wasn't made in heaven—but by an umbrella-maker!"

An unpleasant thought occurred to Lucy while the men sought to argue the judge out of his complacent anticipation of his divorce. She feared the effect of such news upon young Baker, who had just consented, with Jean's careful prompting, to become the latter's husband, and thus a member of the family. The Bakers, notoriously, were not believers in such a modern custom as divorce. She expressed her fear to John, thus giving him his first news of the success Jean had had in her pretty play in the garden.

To her husband's excited inquiry for more details Lucy could only say that Jean had "landed him" before he knew that Helen, whom he would have much preferred, had returned from abroad.

To say that John was elated would be putting it mildly.

"And now," concluded Lucy with the inborn yearning of the matchmaker as well as the politic relative, "that Jean is safely provided for, if I could only get Helen out of this awful mess with Dr. Hamilton, and safely married, either to him or some other nice man, I would be content."

To John the idea of wasting his sister, in his eyes a "raving beauty," upon Dr. Hamilton was a crime. He did not want her to marry the young scientist. He could see only the fact that Dr.

Hamilton's income was but \$2,000 a year. John was a business man—a practical one. As the judge said, he considered the saving of a thousand dollars a year in his business by his superintendent worth much more, in salary, than the saving of a few thousand lives each year by science. Consequently the superintendent of his mills received nearly double the salary earned by Dr. Hamilton. He would have much preferred Helen to marry the superintendent, if she had to marry some one—"beneath her."

The very week-end party at which the judge and Theodore were guests had been arranged by John with no other idea in view than to make it easier for him to "break off" the attachment between Dr. Hamilton and Helen—if attachment there was. Neither had confessed to there being one.

Dr. Hamilton had been invited to spend the week-end at the Mason home before it was known that Helen was returning. It would never do, John reasoned, to have Dr. Hamilton meet her and spend three days in her society without spectators—other guests to interrupt tete-a-totes. He frankly confessed that he had invited the judge and the minister to help his plans—which were only vaguely formed. He was sure, though, he would find some way to prevent



stant. "Not that, judge; not that; it can't be true! I'm ashamed of you!"

"Ashamed of me?" asked the judge, hurt. "Ashamed of me but not of her? Fie upon you. We both are equally guilty. We solemnly promised to love each other until death did us part. We have broken those vows—both of us! I don't love her. She doesn't love me—not in the least!"

They understood—the judge was "spoofing" them again. He was, indeed, vastly amused with himself, and showed it plainly. Yet, underneath the surface, his relatives sensed an undercurrent of something wholly apart from his apparent attempt to pass off the subject of his coming divorce. A disinterested observer would have declared that the judge was not so happy at the thought of losing the wife who had been his companion for more than a quarter of a century. But John, nor Theodore nor Lucy, could sense aught else than the seeming indifference of the judge to such an astounding event.

"That's all rot—blamed rot!" said John. "A middle aged man, a distinguished member of the bar, to break up his home for a difference of opinion over such a thing as love! Damned rot!"

"But," pleaded the judge, "what is the use of a home when you prefer your club? What does the modern home

antly. "I did; I got chronic dyspepsia and struck! 'You may adore this stuff, darling,' I said to her, 'but I despise it.' 'So do I, dearest,' said she. 'Then why in thunder have you had it all these years?' I asked. 'For your sake, beloved,' said she. And that tells the whole story of our married life. We have nothing in common but a love of divorce and a mutual abhorrence of tutti frutti. Two souls with but a single thought and two hearts that beat as one! It has been the dream of our life since our honeymoon to get apart, and each has refrained for the other's sake—just to keep our character!"

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THE judge appeared to believe his explanation of the proposed divorce sufficient. He finished with the air of having done his duty and carried his case.

"That's all tommy-rot, and you know it, Uncle Everett!" exclaimed John Mason. "Just a cloak to hide your real motive. There's something else behind this divorce between you two people who've lived together twenty-five years, the very example of all that is commendable in matrimony."

The judge was determined not to seem

"wasting a beauty upon a common bacteriologist."

To Lucy, of course, these plans were unsympathetic. She would much prefer that Helen marry the scientist and "have it over with."

But both the judge and Theodore were skeptical.

"John, you couldn't stop that girl from marrying Dr. Hamilton if she makes up her mind," warned Theodore. "She's head over heels in love with him, and if she wants him, she'll get him."

The judge was even more positive. To Lucy, aside from John, he said gleefully: "John's plan is splendid. It's sure to work, whatever he does. Only it will work the other way. These lovers haven't met for two months. Tonight there's a new moon. And a new moon is far more efficient than even a pink parasol."

John announced that he intended to offer Dr. Hamilton an opportunity to go to Europe. As a trustee of the Baker Institute, and one of its principal benefactors, he would propose that the scientist, who had just discovered the famous antitoxin, take a year's rest abroad. This would, of course, separate him from his co-worker, Helen, who, within the year, ought to "make a new match," in John's hopeful phraseology.

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THEODORE was not so sure this would work out.

"Be careful, John," he advised; "these two young people love each other!"

"Yes," commented the judge, "young people will fall in love. Whether we make it hard or easy for them, they all do it—and then it's the devil to pay to get them out of it again. But mark my words, unless we reform marriage there is going to be a sympathetic strike against it—as there already is against having children. Instead of making it harder to get people apart, we've got to make it easier for them to stay together."

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Otherwise the ancient bluff soon will be called!"

Lucy warned them Helen was coming. "We mustn't let her know Uncle Everett has lost his mind and is going to lose Julia," she urged.

All these relatives, even the imperious John himself, were more or less afraid of this "new woman," even if she were very pretty, very young and feminine.

The judge even agreed to keep the news of his domestic break-up a secret from his niece. And yet the first question Helen asked when she had greeted her brother's guests was:

"But why didn't Aunt Julia come? Is she ill, Uncle Everett?"

"She's gone to Re-Re-Rio Janeiro," the judge managed to say. "That is, I mean to Santa Barbara—wants a complete rest—the rest cure, you know."

There was an uneasiness so apparent that Helen sensed it at once. She was rather amused at the evident embarrassment of those about her, who had been so argumentative but a moment before, as she could tell from their voices as she approached the garden. When Lucy at last had brewed for her a cup of tea she said bluntly:

"Well, go on, dear friends—go on discussing marriage."

They wanted to know, amidst dismayed glances at each other, how Helen knew they had been talking of that interesting institution.

"Oh, it is in the air," Helen calmly assured them as she sipped her tea with much show of enjoyment. "Everybody is talking about it nowadays."

Theodore, always first to do what he believed to be his duty in the protection of established orders of things, was quite distressed at her seeming irreverence.

"But, my dear girl, marriage is woman's only true career. You should not take the subject so lightly."

"So I am always being told," returned Helen, still flippant. "Lucy tells me, Cousin Theodore, so does Brother John,

and all good people whom I meet. Still, a woman cannot pursue her career. She must be pursued by it—otherwise, of course, in the eyes of you folks, she is unwomanly."

This, of course, brought its attention from the judge.

"As we passed through the library a moment ago," he remarked, "I think I saw your little sister Jean being pursued quite affectionately and with determination by what I should say was her career."

"Yes, Uncle Everett," said Helen, "but Jean is a true woman. That is the only way she could have a career—to be pursued by it. You see, I am not a true woman, only a new woman. My life is quite a failure, in the eyes of all good people, because I haven't trapped a man into making a contract to support me the rest of my life."

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THIS sort of sentiment could not be accepted by Lucy without a rebuke. She considered herself the highest type of old-fashioned wife.

"You ought to be ashamed," she exclaimed indignantly, "to make marriage so mercenary. Helen, my dear, haven't you new women, as you call yourselves, any old sentiment?"

"Just enough," Helen returned, "to avoid making marriage a mercenary affair, Lucy, dear."

Helen was in the mood for fighting her "new woman's" battle.

"I, if you are interested in my plans, will never marry except as a last resort—just as one of you would contemplate divorce. In America, you see, one marriage in every eleven ends in divorce, so I shall be very careful. If I am not married there will be no possibility of my having to be divorced. And as I wouldn't want to be married until I knew all about the institution, I can't be, because, being a nice girl, I am not supposed to know anything about such things until after I am married. Of course, being a wise girl

as well as a nice one, I shall not rush into anything I can't conventionally know anything about."

This sort of heresy was wormwood to all except the judge. Even he could not wholly agree.

"Get married, my dear, by all means," he advised the young woman. "Get married and see how you like it. If you don't become attached to the idea of being a good wife, get a divorce. Then try it over again. That's the only way. First, you see, you have to be married before you can know anything about it—that is, if you are a nice girl. If you are not, why it doesn't make much difference anyhow you arrange it."

"I'll think it over, seriously, uncle," said Helen complacently. "Just now, however, I do not believe I shall be married. I'd rather avoid having to go to the trouble to get a divorce."

John thought Helen was getting a little the best of the argument, and that it was time to call a halt. He did, and instead of summoning serenity, he dispelled it. He announced to his sister that he had made arrangements for Dr. Hamilton to spend a year in Europe at the expense of the Baker Institute.

Helen was radiant in an instant. She clapped her hands with a pretty feminine impulsiveness.

"That is what I have always longed for—for him!" Helen cried. Then she asked the question that proved to be a vocalized bombshell:

"When do we start?"

"When do WE start?" her brother repeated, as if he doubted his ears. "When do WE start? You don't think you are going to travel with him, do you?"

"Of course," Helen spoke as if she thought her brother's dismay rather far-fetched. "You didn't think that I, his most valuable assistant, would allow him to go alone, did you?"

"Travel alone to Europe with a man?"

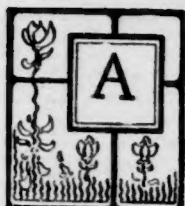
(To be continued next week)

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JIMMIE'S SANTA CLAUS

By Lloyd D. Lewis

Illustrated by Juanita Hamel



AFTER it was all over Jimmie had one thing to be glad about. None of the grown-ups who had fooled him so long got to tell him there was no Santa Claus; he had found out for

himself. He liked to find things out for himself. He hated to be treated like a little boy, now that he was 7, and thanks to a new dental aperture could expectorate in a particularly talented and mature manner.

It would have been very hard indeed to have been taken on the lap of father or mother or Uncle James like a baby and in that dependent attitude to have been told that this Santa Claus business had been a joke all along. But unmasking the old gentleman with his own hands was another matter. Besides, all the excitement had been fun. Not so much the scare and the rumpus that had made his parents so white and serious—Jimmie didn't understand about that—but the fun he himself had had. He and the tricky Santa Claus.

He didn't see why his mother had cried so over him when it was all done, nor why his father and the strange man in the derby hat had patted his head so. Perhaps they had just thought he was sorry to have Santa Claus die out of his life. Jimmie didn't know.

His father, the senator, had come home from that place where he stayed all the time—that place away off where they kept George Washington—and had arrived just in time for dinner. Jimmie had been expecting him, for his mother and his big brother Tom had promised that his father would be back for Christmas eve. Jimmie had given his parent up at 2

in the afternoon and had wept viciously in anger like the spoiled youth that he was. When the senator arrived at 5 Jimmie was asleep.

Half an hour later he awakened and clambered into his clothes. He thought he heard voices in the hall. He raced downstairs. His mother met him on the landing.

"Daddy's here, Jimmie," she said; "he's in the library with Uncle James. Don't disturb them right now. Wait until they open the door."

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NOT proposing to do so, Jimmie assured his mother that he would bide his time until the door opened, and so stole on down into the hall, while his mother went on upstairs.

The hall was very dark. Wiggins, the new butler, had not yet touched his lighter to the chandelier. So Jimmie tiptoed softly down to the door where the light faintly streaked the cracks. He tried to peep through, hoping that the senator might be showing Uncle Jim some new and dazzling Christmas gifts destined for his little son.

The crack was too small to be used for this purpose, but he could hear fairly well.

The senator was talking.

"That list is complete. Our committee has been working on it ever since war

was declared, and we've got 'em at last. I told the inspector that I would bring them on myself, since I was coming home for Christmas, and give them with my own hands to the local office. They'll make the arrests tomorrow."

Uncle James whistled long and low.

"Great God!" he said. "Biggest plot of the war, without a doubt. We business men have been blind, blind as bats, with this infernal scheme going on right under our noses. Are you sure this is all the plotters?"

"Absolutely sure, Jim. Quite a bulky package, eh? I'm tired of carrying it. I'll put it here in the desk drawer. It'll be safe until Saunders comes. Yes, Saunders of the central office is coming out for it at 9 o'clock."

"I wouldn't put it in that desk, George," said Uncle James. "Some one might slip in. You can't be too careful with a thing as important as that."

"Rats, Jim!" the senator said. "Some of the family will be in this room all the time except at dinner, and with the big doors here open while we're eating, I can see the desk. What of it? The servants are all trustworthy."

"All right," Uncle James assented. "Let's get this tree business straightened out now."

"Just the same as it has been for five years now, Jim," said the senator. "We've got the tree, Norma says, up-

stairs, all dressed and ready to light. You've got your suit over in your apartment, haven't you? And the presents to bring over? Well, that's all there is to it. We'll slip the tree down right after dinner and then go with Jimmie into the front of the house while Santa makes his entrance. Same as always. But remember, there is a young gentleman in this household that is wising up very considerably. This is about the last Christmas that he'll be fooled. So, no talking! Just come in with the old dumb show, pass 'em around and get away. If you talk, the kid will spot you, and I want him to believe as long as he can. God knows it's hard enough to believe in anything when you get as old as I am and see things like those names in that list. Good, straight citizens, our own pilots, deck hands gone crooked."

Little Jimmie, crouching in the dark outside the door, was puzzled. What was all that talk about. What did his father mean by—

He heard the two men in the library rise from their chairs. In a panic he turned to scamper away.

As he took his third step his foot collided smartly with some one's leg, evidently in the neighborhood of the shin, for that some one grunted once and swore twice. A strong hand gripped him. He was borne into the kitchen, where Wiggins glowered at him ferociously and rubbed his leg spiritedly.

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YOUNG heathen, what were you doing in that hall? Snooping around, spyin' on your father, I suppose. You've nearly ruined me. This Santa Claus business drives young'uns crazy, Maggie," he said, seeking sympathy in the cook, who stood watching.

"Young imp!" Wiggins continued as Jimmie attempted to bite him on the arm;